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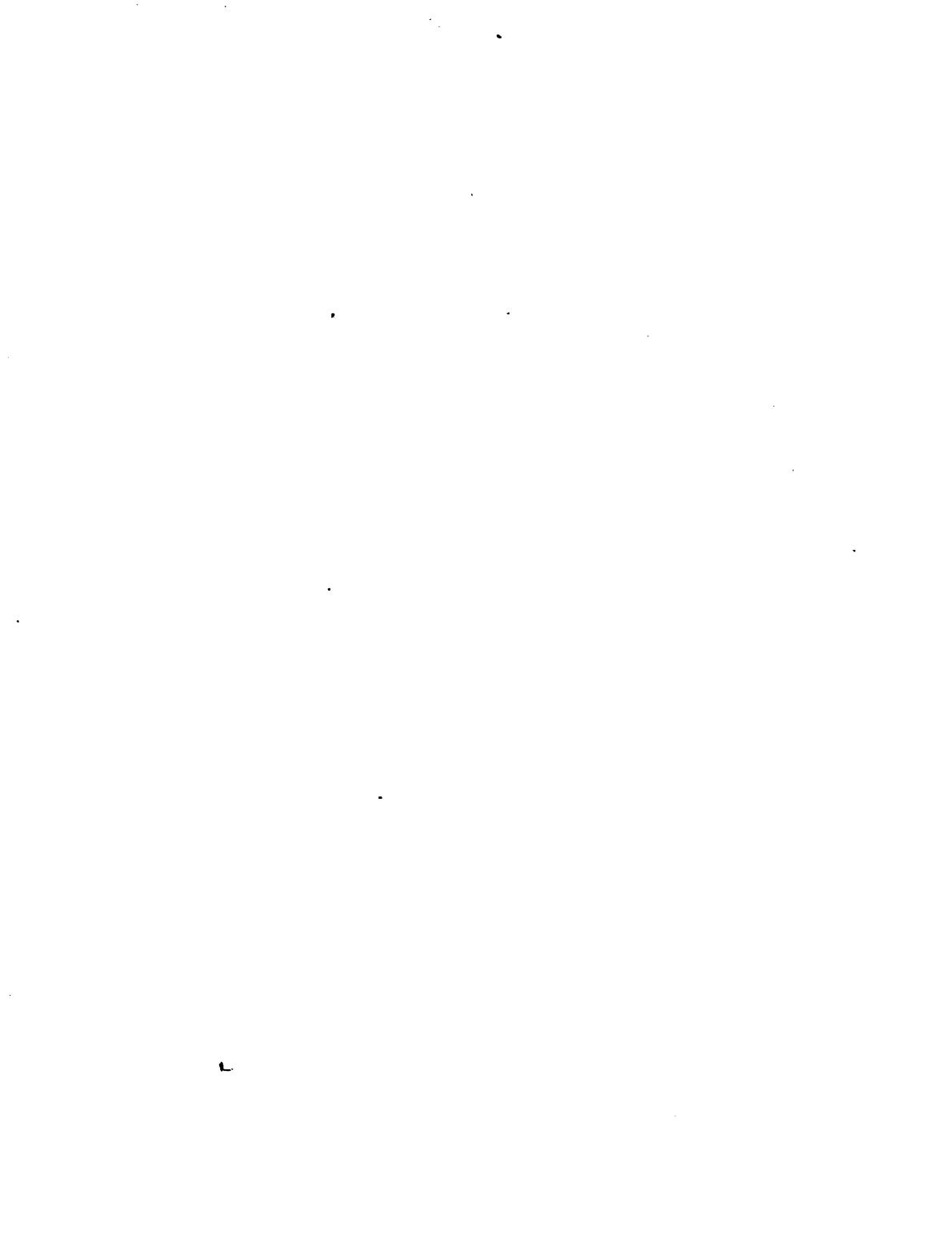
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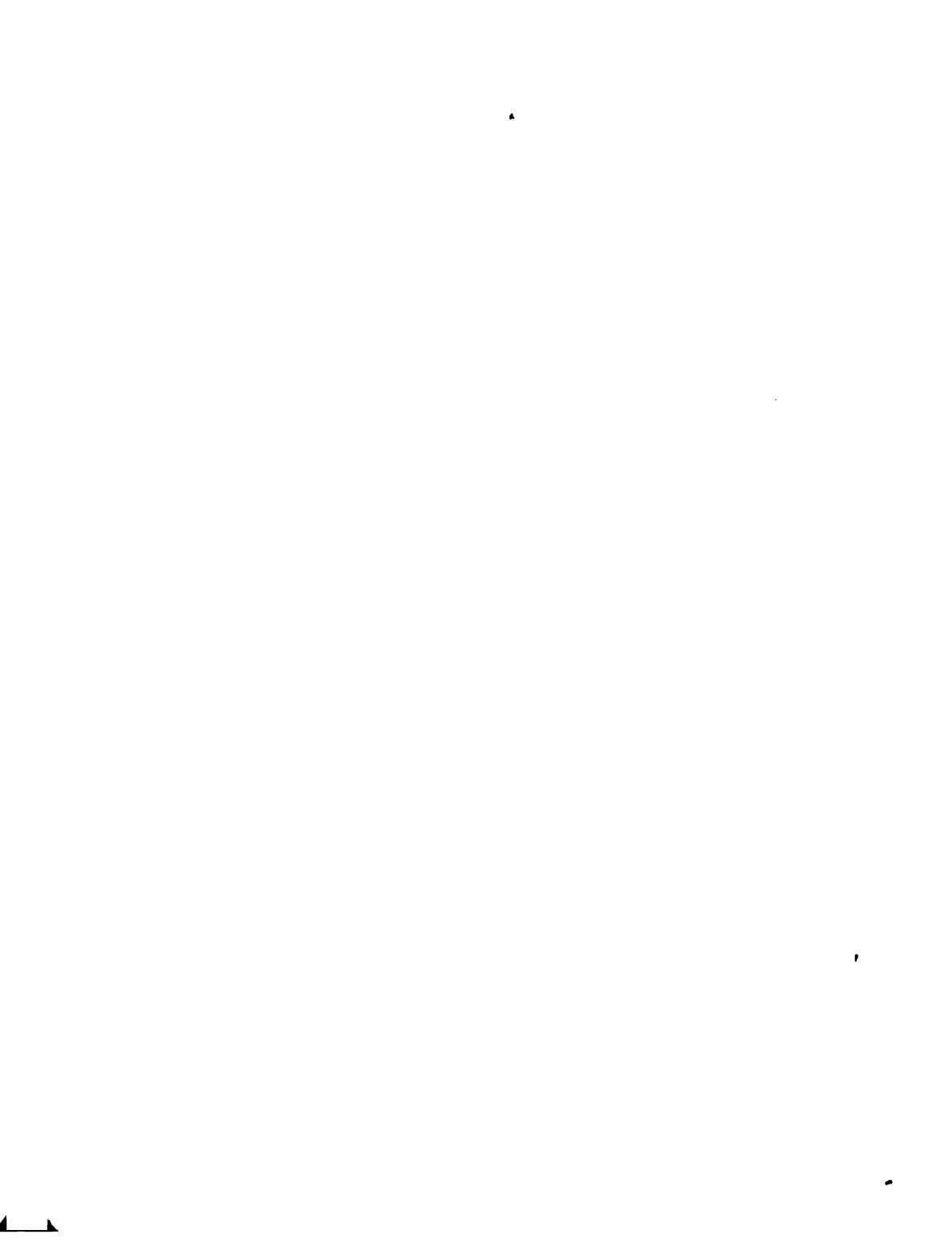
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ROXBURGHE BALLADS.

1044
1045



A BOOK OF
ROXBURGHE BALLADS,

EDITED BY
JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, Esq.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1847.

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TO

THOMAS AMYOT, Esq. F.R.S.
TREAS. S.A.

*In Testimony of long Friendship and sincere
Esteem,*

this work is dedicated by

THE EDITOR.







Introduction.

HE main purpose of the ensuing collection is to shew, in their most genuine state, the character and quality of productions, written expressly for the amusement of the lower orders, in the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles. Our volume consists of such ordinary materials as formed the stock of the English ballad-finger during a period not far short of a century. Many traces will be found in them of the modes in which they were rendered acceptable to the crowd, when sung in our most frequented thoroughfares.

It would, therefore, be manifestly unfair to judge of them by the standard usually applied to the higher classes of poetry, although poetry of no inferior description will occasionally be found in them : nor are their merits to be measured by the easier process of comparison with well known works, in some respects similar. The volumes of Percy and Ritson are composed of mixed specimens : sometimes, it is true, they were

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addressed to general auditors, but they are often the compositions of writers in the superior grades of life, and were intended for the gratification of more refined society. Our assemblage of popular poetry has no precedent: it is different from any other production of the kind hitherto published; and, as in its substance it is peculiar, we have made its form and appearance correspond with its substance.

We have obtained by far the greater number of our ballads from what has been long known as the Roxburghe Collection, consisting of three large volumes in folio, and embracing nearly a thousand broadsides in black letter.* Some of these are repetitions of the

* It was commenced by Harley, Earl of Oxford, and was augmented by West and Pearson, but especially by the Duke of Roxburghe, at whose sale it was bought for the late Mr. Bright. For many years he kept the volumes out of sight; but they, as well as a manuscript collection of Miracle-plays (the possession of which he also for some reason concealed) were necessarily brought to light at his death. The ballads were judiciously secured by the authorities of the British Museum, but they were unsuccessful bidders for the Miracle-plays: the latter circumstance is the more to be regretted, because this series of inedited Scriptural Dramas has devolved into the hands of some party who has again plunged it into darkness, and will not allow any use to be made of it: *ε κίνσις αλλα χρησις* was the excellent motto of one of the old possessors of the collection usually known as the Coventry Plays (printed for the Shakespeare Society in 1841), and it was inscribed by him in the volume. The present owner of the York Plays

same production by different printers; a few, from their nature and subject, are unfit for republication, and others, from their general worthlessness, do not merit it. The whole are now placed in the British Museum, where they are accessible, and where means of collation are afforded: the transcripts we have employed were made before the originals were purchased for their last owner, but there is no instance in which our copies have not since been compared. Other sources have been resorted to, although sparingly, and several of the most ancient and interesting ballads have been derived from the editor's portfolio.

On the rarity of all it is superfluous to enlarge: in many, if not in most, instances the broadsides are unique: no duplicates of them are to be met with in public or private libraries; and it is easy to account for this circumstance, if we reflect that they were seldom printed in a form calculated for preservation. Thomas Deloney and Richard Johnson were almost the only ballad-writers, of that age, who subsequently brought together their scattered broadsides in small volumes,* while hundreds of similar pieces by other

(for in that city, we believe, they were performed previous to the Reformation) ought to reverse the motto, and write in his volume *εχησις* *αλλα ιησος*. Time may yet stand our friend.

* Deloney, in his "Strange Histories," 1607, and "Garland of

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popular authors were allowed to perish. The more generally acceptable a ballad became, the more it was handed about for perusal or performance, and the more it was exposed to the danger of destruction.

The consequence has been, that very few ballads, as they came from the hands of those who may be called our elder printers, have descended to our day; and many of the best in our volume would have been irretrievably lost, but that the constant demand for them induced typographers of the reigns of James and Charles, in particular, to republish them. The year, whether of impression or re-impression, is very rarely given on the broadside; but it is usually known between what dates the printers, whose names are appended, carried on business, and from thence we are generally able to form a judgment as to the age of productions of their presses. The times when reprinted ballads were first composed and issued must often be matter of mere conjecture, depending much upon internal evi-

Good-will," (published before 1596) and Johnson, in his "Crown Garland of Golden Roses," 1612. Some new particulars regarding Deloney are to be found in "Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare," printed by the Shakespeare Society, pp. xxviii. 110, 193. Richard Johnson began writing early, for he was not born until 1573, (as appears by the Register of St. Giles, Cripplegate, a point in his history not hitherto ascertained,) and he published his first work in 1592.

dence, and even this is rendered more uncertain by interpolations, not unfrequently made, in order that the work should be more welcome to auditors of the period of republication. In our brief preface to each separate piece we have, among other points, endeavoured, as far as possible, to assist the reader in settling the date of its earliest appearance ; but in not a few cases it has been a task of extreme doubt and difficulty, and we can hardly flatter ourselves that in many instances we have entirely succeeded. The best we could now and then accomplish was to make an approximation ; and our volume contains frequent proofs of the changes ballads underwent, with a view to adapt them to circumstances of comparatively recent occurrence. We will afford one instance in point, and leave the rest to the discovery of the reader, with such help as we may have elsewhere afforded.

In the Roxburghe volumes, from which, as already stated, we have so largely drawn, are two copies of a singular and amusing ballad with the title of “ Mock-beggar’s Hall :” both appear to belong to about the period of the Civil Wars ; but one copy is evidently anterior to the other, and the older of the two (that of which we have availed ourselves on p. 49) must have been published before the final closing of the theatres by the puritans in 1648. The author is speaking of the

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increase of expense and luxury, and laughing at those who, aping their richer neighbours, were not content to pass through the streets in anything but a coach, although they could afford to keep no other servant than a man to drive it: he says,

“ They are not able two men to keep,
With a coachman they must content be,
Which at Playhouse door in’s box lies asleep,
While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.”

When these lines were written, and originally published, the play-houses were open, and many auditors were driven to them in coaches; but when the later copy of the same ballad was printed, the theatres had been shut up by authority, and, as any allusion to these places of amusement and instruction might be unpalatable to the rulers of the state, and as the custom of going to play-houses in coaches was necessarily at an end, the passage was thus altered:

“ They are not able two men to keep,
With a coachman they must content be,
Which at Goldsmith’s Hall door in’s box lies asleep,
While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.”

It would be easy to multiply examples to the same effect, but it is the less necessary here, because we have adverted to some of them in the preliminary matter, explanatory of circumstances connected with each

ballad. This information we have rendered as complete as our limits would permit.*

We have made no attempt to arrange the ensuing specimens according to date: in but few instances, as already remarked, could we have felt sufficient confidence, as to the precise period of composition or publication, to enable us to speak at all decisively; and the subjects are so varied, that to have placed them in any order dependent upon character and design would have been clearly impossible. The comic and satirical, in point of number, much prevail over the serious and legendary; and it might reasonably be expected, that productions intended to be popular would generally rather aim at exciting laughter than tears: some of them are highly humorous, and, no doubt, a great deal of drollery was frequently displayed by street-performers in singing them.

It is not necessary, on this occasion, to enter into the origin, or ancient history, of ballad-writing and ballad-singing in England: we have very few ballads,

* The reader must be prepared for irregularities of metre, not merely because the writers sometimes trusted to the singer and the tune, to correct and reconcile faults of syllabic construction, but because it not unfrequently happened that corruptions were introduced in the process of reprinting ballads, which marred the measure of the original author. What we have just quoted is an instance in point, as regards a change in the metre, as well as in the meaning.

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in our present sense of the word, of an earlier date than the reign of Edward VI.* We know, indeed, that they must have been sung about the town and country before the Reformation ; and in 1537 a man of the name of John Hogon was arrested for amusing the people in various places by a political ballad : he had offended against the proclamation of 1533, which was issued to suppress “ fond books, ballads, rhimes, and other lewd treatises in the English tongue.”† Ten years afterwards it was deemed necessary to pass an act of parliament in order, among other things, to put a stop to the circulation of “ printed ballads, plays, rhimes, songs and other fantasies ;” so that the multiplication of them by the press was then considered an evil requiring the intervention of the legislature, al-

* Ritson is probably correct in stating, that “ the oldest printed ballad known to be extant, is that on the downfall of Thomas Lord Cromwell in 1540, reprinted by Dr. Percy.”—*Ancient Songs*, I. xcvi.

† Collier’s *Shakespeare*, I. cclxxxviii. The only words of Hogon’s song preserved are these, and we quote them as a literary curiosity.

“ The hunt is up, the hunt is up, &c.

The Masters of Arte and Doctours of dyvynyte

Have brought this realme out of good untye.

Thre nobyll men have take this to stay,

My Lord of Norrfolk, Lorde of Surrey,

And my Lorde of Shrewsbyrry :

The Duke of Suffolk myght have made Ingland mery.”

though only a single broadside of about that date has been handed down to us.

Ballads seem to have multiplied after Edward VI. came to the throne, and two or three of these have been preserved, and are in close custody in the cabinets of the curious: * no new proclamation was issued, nor statute passed, on the subject while Edward continued to reign; but in less than a month after Mary became Queen, she published an edict against “books, ballads, rhymes, and treatises,” which she complained had been “set out by printers and stationers, of an evil zeal for lucre, and covetous of vile gain.” There is little doubt, from

* A manuscript drama of great peculiarity of construction, and bearing date in the last year of the reign of Edward VI. contains the first lines of several songs assigned to the characters: the words were not inserted at length, because (as was often the case afterwards) they were so popular, and well known to the singer, that it was only deemed necessary to signify them. They are highly curious relics: one of them begins, “Bring ye to me, and I to thee;” another, “Hey noney, noney, houge for money;” a third, “The mercy of God;” and a fourth,

“Haye, haye, haie, haie!
I wilbe merie while I maie.”

None of these have come down to us in a printed state, although doubtless in print at the time they were sung. The original manuscript play is entitled “Respublica,” and is in the library of Hudson Gurney, Esq. to whom the editor was several years ago obliged for the opportunity of copying it.

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the few pieces remaining, that it was in a considerable degree effectual for the end in view.

No such restraint was deemed necessary when Elizabeth succeeded her sister, and the consequence was an increase of ballads and ballad-singers: then it was that some productions of the kind, which had been preserved in manuscript, were printed, and new additions were made to the popular stock. Robert Langham, who wrote his "Letter from Kenilworth" in the autumn of 1575, has left behind him in it a goodly list of works of romance and drollery then in circulation, including a bundle of ballads, "fair wrapped up in parchment and bound with a whipcord:" these he tells us were "all ancient," meaning perhaps to refer to a date when such publications had been forbidden. He supplies some of the titles;* and others are enumerated by one of the characters in the old interlude by W. Wager, "The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art," printed without date, but after Lang-

* We give them in Langham's peculiar and conceited spelling:—
"What shlood I rehearz heer what a bunch of Ballets and songs, all auncient? Az Broom broom on hill—So wo iz me begon—Troly lo—Ouer a whinny Meg—Hey ding a ding—Bony laſſ vpon a green—My bony on gaue me a bek—By a bank az I lay; and a hundred more he hath, fair wrapt vp in Parchment, and bound with a whipcord."—*Callier's Bridgewater Catalogue*, privately printed for the Earl of Ellesmere, 4to, 1837, p. 164.

ham's tract. † Few of these have survived, and until not far from the close of the reign of Elizabeth, broad-

† It will be seen that two of the ballads mentioned by Wager are the same as those given by Langham, which affords evidence of their popularity at the time they wrote. The following is assigned to Moros, the Vice of the play, who enters singing.

“ Brome, Brome, on hill,
The gentle Brome on hill, hill ;
Brome, Brome, on Hiue hill,
The gentle Brome on Hiue hill,
The Brome standes on Hiue hill a.

Robin, lend me thy bowe, thy bowe ;
Robin the bow, Robin lende to me thy bow a.

There was a Mayde come out of Kent,
Deintie loue, deintie loue !

There was a mayde cam out of Kent
Daungerous be [she] :

There was a mayde cam out of Kent,
Fayre, propre, small and gent,
And euer vpon the ground went,
For so should it be.

By a banke as I lay, I lay,
Musinge on things past, hey how !

Tom a lin and his wife, and his wiues mother,
They went ouer a bridge, all three together :
The bridge was broken and they fell in ;
The Deuill go with all, quoth Tom a lin.

Martin Swart and his man, fodledum, fodledum ;
Martin Swart and his man, fodledum bell.

Come ouer the boorne, Besse,

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sides cannot be said to have been at all numerous. Philip Stubbes, writing his “Anatomy of Abuses” in 1583, objects to the “minstrels and musicians” who infested town and country, and inveighs violently against the “songs, filthy ballads and scurvy rhymes,” which they vended to the populace. Coming down to a later date, we have the authority of Chettle’s “Kind Heart’s Dream,” 1592, for the fact that “many a tradesman, of a worshipful trade,” brought up apprentices to “singing brokers,” and soon trusted them “with a dozen groatsworth of ballads.” About this period, and somewhat earlier, it was that Elderton, Munday, Deloney, Johnson and several others flourished, and kept the metropolis, as well as the provinces, fully supplied with ballad literature.*

My little pretie Besse,
Come ouer the boorne, Besse, to me.”

Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, ii. 333.

* Chettle’s evidence is decisive as to the number of ballad-singers in his day: “I am given to understand that there be a company of idle youths, loathing honest labour, and despising lawfull trades, betake them to a vagrant and vicious life, in every corner of cities and market-towns of the realme, singing and selling ballads,” &c. He severely censures the character and tendency of these productions, and especially points out “Watkin’s Ale,” “The Carman’s Whistle,” “Chopping Knives,” “Friar Foxtail,” and “The Friar and the Nun.”—*Kind Heart’s Dream*, 1592. Thomas Nash in his humorous tracts mentions “Watkin’s Ale,” and several other ballads extremely popular be-

Matters continued without much alteration during the reign of James I., excepting that particular printers were then licensed to publish broadsides and other pieces, occupying only one side of paper, of course including ballads: they granted assignments to others for stipulated sums, and the “worshipful trades” of ballad-making, ballad-selling, and ballad-singing, had certainly never been more flourishing.*

About the middle of the reign of Charles I. some new writers of this class made their appearance, the

fore the end of Elizabeth's reign. Henry Bold, more than half a century afterwards, speaks of ancient tunes still “sung to Barber's Citterns,” viz. “The Lady's Fall,” “John come kis me now,” “Green Sleeves and Pudding Pies,” “The Punk's Delight,” “The Winning of Bullogue,” and “Essex's last Good-night.”—*Latin Songs and their English Words*.

* To about this period we may refer the enumeration of ballads in Fletcher's “Monsieur Thomas,” Act. III. Sc. 3: A Fiddler is there introduce, who informs the hero that he can sing the following: “The Duke of Norfolk—the merry ballad of Dives and Lazarus—the Rose of England—In Crete when Dedimus first began—Jonas his Crying-out against Coventry—Maudlin the Merchant's Daughter—the Devil—Ye dainty Dames—the Landing of the Spaniards at Bow, with the bloody Battle of Mile-end.”—*Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher*, vii. p. 364. To these we may subjoin the titles of some ballads mentioned by Samuel Rowlands, in his “Crew of kind Goffips,” &c. 1613. They are, “Mistres, will you do,” “My man Thomas did me promise,” “The Pinnace rigg'd with silken saile,” “Pretty Birds,” “The Garden Nightingale,” “I'll tie my Mare in thy ground,” and “Bees for Abuses.” See also his “Tis merry when Goffips meet,” 1602.

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principal of whom was Martin Parker, who industriously availed himself of every opportunity for putting his pen to paper: he was subsequently assisted by another prolific poet of the same description, named Lawrence Price, while Wade, Climsell, Guy, &c. were not by any means slow in their contributions. Thus, we have many more broadsides belonging to the forty years immediately preceding the Restoration, than have come down to us during the whole previous period from the Reformation. Among them are to be included not a few reprints of older ballads, of which only the re-impresions are now extant: they were, no doubt, scarce when their republication was undertaken by the printers, booksellers, and stationers, who carried on a profitable business from about 1620 to 1660.

An imperfect attempt to put a sudden termination to dramatic performances was made in 1642, and carried into execution in 1648: theatres remained shut (with a few instances of disobedience) until the return of Charles II. During this interval the writers and printers of ballads (which were still issued as black-letter broadsides) seem to have reaped an unusually abundant harvest; for in proportion as the people were deprived of one species of amusement they evidently required another. We know that many of

these productions were of a political complexion ; and although none such have reached our day, it is not unlikely that some ballads were satirically directed against the parties who had been prominent, or instrumental, in putting an end to theatrical representations. The act for suppressing the stage was issued in the Spring, and in the Autumn of 1648 the Provost Marshal was directed and empowered “ to seize upon all ballad-singers, sellers of malignant pamphlets, and to send them to the several militias, and to suppress stage-plays.”* This exhibition of arbitrary power does not seem to have been by any means effectual as regards ballad-singers, and judging from the numerous broadsides of the time, whether reprints of older productions, or entirely new compositions, the press, after the theatres were put down, may be said to have teemed with ballads, and the streets to have been filled with itinerant musicians, who, in a remarkable tract of the time, are humorously called “ the running stationers of London.”†

* Whitelocke’s Memorials, p. 337.

† “ Knaves are no honest Men, or More Knaves yet, &c. composed by I. L.,” without name of printer, or date. The author’s words are, “ Marry, they say that the running stationers of London, I mean such as use to sing ballads, and those that cry malignant pamphlets in the streets have all laid their heads together,” &c.

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Had not the public eagerly encouraged this species of performance, of course, so many ballads would not have been published; but, recollecting the comparative value of money, the price of a broadside could hardly have been within the reach of the poorest classes. We may perhaps calculate, that during the Protectorate money was worth at least twice as much as at present, yet we find that then (and earlier, when money was far more scarce) the cost of a ballad was a penny. Of this fact several distinct proofs are contained in our volume, for on p. 41 the singer tells his auditors,

“Nor would I have a scold
one penny here bestow,
But honest men and wives
buy these before you goe :”

and on p. 151 we read as follows :

“And thus you now have heard the praise
of Nothing, *worth a penny*,
Which, as I stand to sing here now,
I hope will yeeld me many.”

Such it appears had been the charge, as it were by prescription, for many years: Nicholas Breton, in his “Pasquil’s Madcap,” 1600, had advised “prose writers” to change their occupation, in consequence of the greater success of the authors of “penny bal-

lads.”* At that period money was four or five times less abundant than with us: a quarto play, such as “Much ado about Nothing,” (printed in 1600) was then sold for sixpence; a small tract or poem for fourpence; a chap-book, in 8vo. for two-pence, and a broadside ballad for one penny. It was not long after the Restoration that ballads so degenerated, in quality and estimation, that they were saleable at only half the sum they had produced from the reign of Elizabeth downwards. The theatres, as every body knows, were then once more in active operation.

We have already said something of the general fidelity with which we have adhered to the old copies:

* His lines are these :

“ Goe, tell the poets that their pedling rimes
Begin apace to grow out of request,
While wanton humours in these idle times
Can make of love but as a laughing jest :
And tell prose-writers, stories are so stale
That penny ballads make a better sale.”

No man put the town to the test, as regards both verse and prose, more frequently and perseveringly than Breton; but we are not aware of any ballad, properly so called, of his composition, unless we may assign to him one on p. 254 of our volume. He was a very popular pamphleteer, and, as the parish registers shew, lived very near Trundle, the ballad-bookseller, where several of his children were born and buried: this is not the place for inserting extracts from them, but they form entirely new points in his biography.

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we have carried this so far, that we have not only observed the orthography of our originals, but even their misprints, if they were not mere literal errors, if the mistakes in a manner corrected themselves, or did not materially interfere with the sense.* Our object has been to present the compositions, as nearly as our typography would allow, in their earliest shape, even to the disuse of many capital letters at the commencement of lines. This practice, with our old printers, arose out of the fact that lines, often divided into two, were in truth only one, the separation having been made for the convenience of the page: we select a single illustration from p. 250, where we read,

* We take a specimen, almost at random, from one of the very few broadsides we have inserted, which are not in the strictest sense of the word ballads: it occurs on p. 56.

“ So likewise pride in London now
Doeth florishe in suche goodly sorte,
That they invent which waie and how
Thereby augmented it might be.”

In every other stanza the second and fourth lines rhyme, and here we may be pretty sure that the second line ought to end “ in goodly 'gree,” in order that it might correspond with “ be” in the fourth line. As, however, “ sorte” perfectly well suits the sense of the passage, we have not disturbed the old text. This poem (which is by one of the poets we have for the first time introduced to the knowledge of the reader) also appeared in 8vo. in the same year as the broadside, 1573.

“ While married men doe lie
with worldly cares opprest,
Wee batchelors can sleepe,
and sweetly take our rest.”

which, in the author’s manuscript, we may suppose, stood thus :

“ While married men doe lie with worldly cares opprest,
Wee batchelors can sleepe, and sweetly take our rest.

Even when the short lines rhymed alternately, the old typographers frequently rejected capitals, perhaps because, being in a small way of business, they had not sufficient letter for their purpose. We have accompanied the ballads by fac-similes of such wood-cuts as used to be prefixed to the old broadsides themselves ; the main difference being, that we have transferred to the end what was formerly invitingly placed at the beginning. Most of those we have adopted were repeatedly employed by the printers of broadsides, who seldom cared whether an ornament of the kind were or were not appropriate to the subject of the ballad, as long as it was likely to attract attention.

In this respect we have usually been somewhat more observant than they were : a ballad-printer was in the habit of buying up old wood-cuts, which had been engraved for any other works, and of applying them to his own purposes. Disregarding their age, rudeness, and

condition, we have made a selection of such as were most characteristic, or interesting on account of their reference to notorious personages: thus on p. 54 will be found a representation of the celebrated Richard Tarlton, whose popular portrait was often employed, and who, besides being a famous actor, was himself a ballad-writer. On p. 120 is a wood-cut of the old poet John Gower, apparelled as he was exhibited on the stage in Shakespeare's "Pericles," and as he is seen on the title-page of the novel of 1608, founded upon that play.* On p. 134 is a full length of that great prose-satirist Thomas Nash, in fetters, as he figures in one of Gabriel Harvey's tracts against him; and another representation of Nash, as a ghost, is inserted on p. 263. Gabriel Harvey, his antagonist, is found on p. 201, probably from Nash's own drawing in his "Have with you to Saffron Walden," 1596. Will Kemp, the comic performer in some of Shakespeare's

* For the title and a full account of this very remarkable volume see "Farther Particulars regarding Shakespeare and his Works," 8vo. 1839. It was sold by auction among Mr. Heber's books, as if it were the story of which our great dramatist had availed himself; but it was much more curious, because it was founded upon the play, not the play upon it, and because it contains various passages, reduced to prose, which were no doubt acted, but are not in any of the printed copies of "Pericles." Much illustrative matter, connected with the progress of the plot, is also supplied by the novel.

dramas, will be seen dancing his Morris to Norwich on p. 216, from the title-page of his “Nine Day’s Wonder,” 1600: and the notorious Robert Greene, the pamphleteer and dramatist, is depicted writing in his winding sheet on p. 303.*

Other amusing representations, in the course of our volume, had also been previously employed for various productions; and in looking at them, it is always to be borne in mind that, as accurate imitations of the originals, they give a perfect notion of the sort of ornaments required by the ballad-buying public for more than half a century before the death of Charles I. The wood-cut of Robin Goodfellow, on p. 41, had been employed in a pamphlet devoted to his “mad merry pranks,” published, perhaps, before Shakespeare wrote for the stage: the man and his dog on p. 59, belongs to the first edition of Dekker’s “Belman of London,” printed in 1608: the Pyramus and Thisbe, on p. 96, is a foreign production, but adorns the title-page of R. Wolfe’s “Pierce Ploughman’s

* This is from the title-page of a rare tract called “Greene in Conceipt, new raised from his Grave to write the Tragique Historie of faire Valeria of London,” &c. 4to. 1598. It is the only resemblance (if indeed such it may be termed) of that remarkable man, who died just as Shakespeare was fast rising into popularity, and who left behind him the earliest allusion to his name and fame.

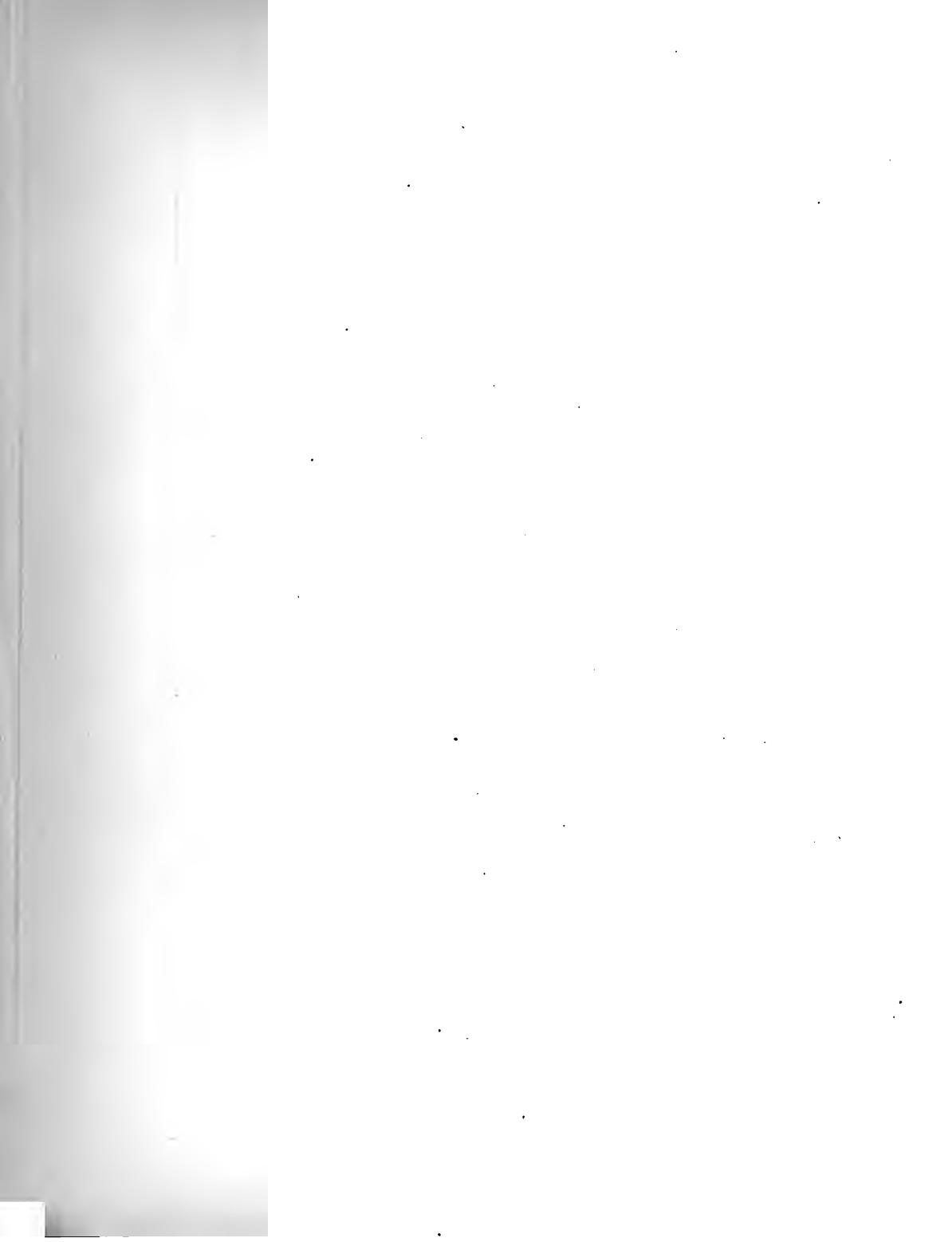
Introduction.

Creed," as early as 1553: the wife man of Gotham, hedging in the cuckoo, on p. 126, is from an old impression of Andrew Borde's celebrated collection of Tales: the Watchman on p. 152, is one of a curious set of the "Cries of London," published in the reign of James I.: the Conjuror swallowing the serpent is contained in an ancient and droll account of Bartholomew Fair: the gentleman and countryman conversing, on p. 231, first appeared in Robert Greene's "Quip for an Upstart Courtier," 1592: the Tinker, on p. 286, was a favourite and frequent decoration of ballads during nearly the whole period our volume embraces; and Sir Bevis, attended by his Squire, on p. 297, is evidently older, but was used in the romance relating to that hero, printed by W. Stansby before Charles I. came to the crown.

Were it worth while, we might go into much farther detail respecting the sources whence we have obtained our illustrations: among them are only three which do not form the head-pieces of old ballads, or are not derived from chap-books and tracts of an early date, subsequently employed by printers of broadsides of an ephemeral character and temporary interest. Two of these will be noticed on pp. 220 and 311, in a different and superior style of design, while the third concludes the present introduction: it was

cut from a spirited sketch by no less an artist than Inigo Jones, as the representation of an English ballad-finger about twenty years after the death of Shakespeare, and it is so described in his own hand-writing upon the original drawing. The editor was permitted to copy it by favour of the Duke of Devonshire, to whom, as on many former occasions, he begs leave to tender his grateful acknowledgments.







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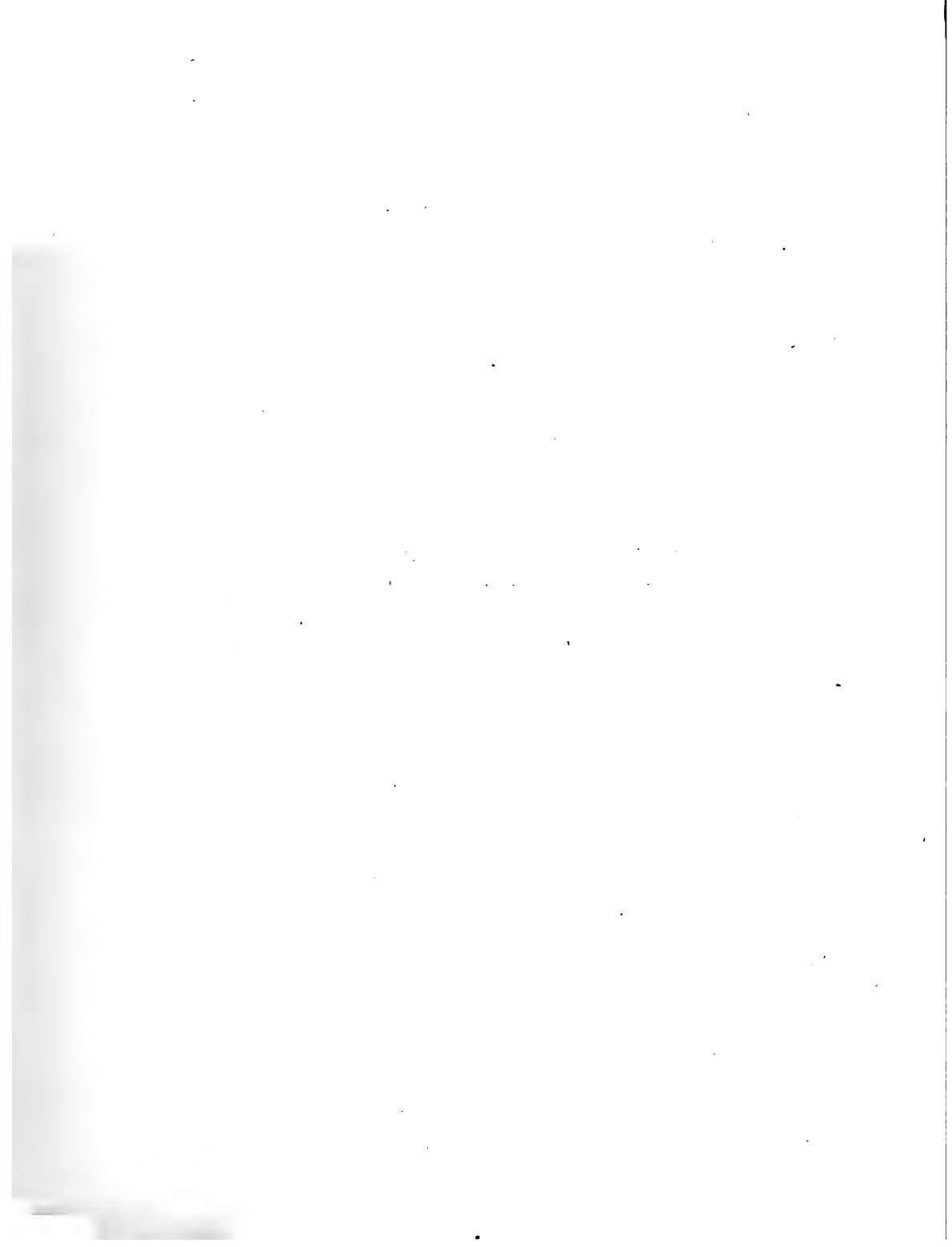
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BALLADS.





Death's Dance.

*To be sung to a pleasant new Tune called, “ Oh no no no not yet,
or The Meddow Brow.”*

[It is, perhaps, not now possible to arrive at any greater certainty respecting the age of this moral and satirical ballad, than that it must have been written some time after the opening of the Royal Exchange in 1570, that building being mentioned, in the third stanza, as the common resort of merchants. Henry Goffon, for whom the copy we have used was printed, was a bookseller in the reign of James I. and afterwards; but we may reasonably believe that “ Death's Dance” was originally published before the year 1580: J. Awdeley had license to print a “ Daunce and Song of Death” as early as 1568, but it could not be this ballad, which seems to have been unknown to Mr. Douce, when he prepared his learned volume on the designs imputed to Macabre and Holbein. There are several ballads to the popular tune of “ the Shaking of the Sheet, or the Dance of Death” (See Chappells “ Nat. Engl. Airs” ii. 121.) but the present is entirely a different production.]

DEATH would come to shew his face
as he dare show his powre,
And sit at many a rich mans place
both every day and hour,
He would amaze them every one
to see him standing there,
And wish that soone he would be gone
from all their dwellings faire.

Death's Dance.

Or if that Death would take the paines
to goe to the water fide,
Where merchants purchase golden gaines
to pranke them up in pride,
And bid them thinke upon the poore,
or else, " Ile see you soone,"
There would be given them at their doore
good almes both night and noone.

Or walke into the Royall-Exchange
when every man is there,
No doubt, his comming would be strange
to put them all in feare,
How they do worldly buy and sell,
to make their markets good ;
Their dealings all would prosper well,
if so the matter stood.

Or if Death would take the paine
to go to Pauls one day,
To talke with such as there remaine
to walke, and not to pray ;
Of life they would take lasting lease,
though nere so great a fine :
What is not that but some would give
to set them up a shrine ?

If Death would go to Westminster
to walke about the Hall,

And make himselfe a counsellor
in pleas amongst them all,
I thinke the Court of Conscience
would have a great regard,
When Death should come with diligence
to have their matters heard.

For Death hath been a Checker-man
not many yeares agoe ;
And he is such a one as can
bestow his checking so,
That never a clarke within the Hall
can argue so his case,
But Death can overrule them all
in every court and place.

If Death would keepe a tipling house
where roysters do resort,
And take the cup and drinke carowse
when they are in their sport ;
And briefly say, " My masters all,
why stand you idle here ?
I bring to you Saint Giles his bowle,"
'twould put them all in feare.

If Death would make a step to dance
where lusty gallants be,
Or take dice and throw a chance
when he doth gamesters see ;

Death's Dance.

And say, " My masters, have at all,
I warrant it will be mine,"
They would in amazement fall
to set him any coyne.

If Death would gossip now and then
amongst the crabbed wives,
That taunt and raile at their good men
to make them weary lives,
It would amaze them, I might say,
so spightfully to boast,
That they will beare the swing and fway,
and overrule the roast.

If Death but quarterly would come
amongst the landlords crue,
And take account of every sum
that rises more then due,
As well of income as of fine,
above the old set rent,
They would let leafes without coyne,
for feare they should be shent.

If Death would take his dayly course
where tradesmen sell their ware,
His welcome, sure, would be more worse
then those of monyes bare :
It would affright them for to see
his leane and hollow lookes,

destroyed.

If Death would say, " Come, shew to me
my reckoning in your bookees."

If Death would thorow the markets trace
where Conscience us'd to dwell,
And take but there a huckster's place,
he might do wondrous well :
High prizes would abated be,
And nothing found too deare ;
When Death should call, " Come, buy of me,"
'twould put them all in feare.

If Death would prove a gentleman,
and come to court our dames,
And do the best of all he can
to blazon forth their names ;
Yet should he little welcomes have
Amongst so fayre a crew
That daily go so fine and brave,
when they his face do view.

Or if he would but walke about
our city suburbs round,
There would be given, out of doubt,
full many a golden pound
To spare our wanton female crew,
and give them longer day ;
But Death will grant no leafes new,
but take them all away.

Death's Dance.

For Death hath promised to come,
and come he will indeede :
Therefore I warne you, all and some,
beware and take good heede ;
For what you do, or what you be,
hee's sure to find and know you :
Though he be blind, and cannot see,
in earth he will bestow you.

FINIS.





The World's Sweet-heart.

To the tune of "The Beggar Boy."

[Richard Barnfield first published his poem "The Encomion of Lady Pecunia" in 1598, (again in 1605) and she is mentioned by the same name in the following ballad, which touches humorously upon topics Barnfield had treated more seriously. The copy we have followed was "Printed at London for Thomas Lambert, at the signe of the Horshoo in Smithfield" about the year 1630; but it most likely made its original appearance before 1600. The following couplet is added to the old title, preceding the information of the tune to which the ballad was to be sung:—

“Whereby is shewed, that Mistris Money
Is the world's Sweet-heart and Honey.”

There is we believe, a copy in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, of a later date and without these lines.]

WEET Mistris Money, I here will declare
thy beauty, which every one adoreth,
The lofty gallant and beggar so bare
some help and comfort from thee implor-
For thou art become the World's Sweet-heart, [eth;
while every one doth make thee their honey,
And loath they are from thee to depart,
so well they doe love sweet Mistris Money.

The World's Sweet-heart.

Money is that which all men obey,
the wealthy rich miser doteth upon it,
He puts her to trading until such a day,
and is very careful in parting from it :
It joyes him to see a great heap of wealth,
and Lady *Pecunia* is his deare honey,
While he is content for to starve himselfe,
even for the love of Mistris Money.

The Citty of London doth take great care
to gaine her favour by some new fashion,
And for her sake they will give you such ware,
as there is not better in any nation :
For every one's heart is now set upon her,
and she is become their onely deare honey ;
Wherever she goes her steps they doe honour,
so well they doe love sweet Mistris Money.

Though Money's complexion be very white,
yet I doe thinke there was never yet any
Could equall her beauty which is so bright,
so that she hath friends and lovers many :
Each one will lend her a helping hand
to carry abroad their dearest honey,
And they will be ready at her command,
even for the love of Mistris Money.

Your country men to the market will goe
with corne, and such other like provision,

And to procure Money sometimes, you do know,
they will sell it off upon any condition :
To cure their hearts of sorrow and care
the favour of coyne is as sweete as honey,
And they are glad to sell off their ware,
even for the love of Mistris Money.

The shepheard, that lyeth abroad in the field
and never careth for wind or weather,
Doth hope that his sheepe some profit will yeeld,
which makes him to keepe them all together ;
For he will sit on the side of a rock,
or else lye upon a greene banke that is funny,
And there he will keepe his poore little flock,
even for the love of Mistris Money.

In city, in country, and every place
tis Money that is so much respected,
For she can never receive disgrace,
since many devises are still projected
By those that seeke her favour to gaine,
and make her their onely delight and honey ;
For they will refuse no labour and paine,
in hope for to get Sweet Mistris Money.

I thinke the world shall come to an end
before that Money shall be despised,
For in every corner she hath a close friend,
and by every one she is highly prised.

The World's Sweet-heart.

In every country, where ever you ride,
the favour of coyne is as sweete as the honey,
And all the inns on the roade doe provide
to entertaine sweete Mistris Money.

Now Cupid may lay by his quiver and bow,
whereby sometime love was procured,
Since now to marry they are very flow,
unlesse that a portion may be assured ;
For that doth carry their fancy away,
so that young men doe make it their honey,
And many a wedding, without all delay,
is made up for the love of Mistris Money.

Mark where you doe come, and you shall still find,
that for your Money you shall be attended :
My host and my hostesse will be very kind ;
but when that your silver and coin is spended,
Faith, then you may goe with much grief and woe,
because you have parted from your deare honey ;
For that respect which to you they did show
was for the love of Mistris Money.

At Rome the priests doe make her a saint,
who cheat the people by fond delusion ;
And if that you no money doe want,
you shall for your sins have an absolution :
Thus in forraine countries, where ever you goe,
this Mammon is counted their onely honey,

The World's Sweet-heart.

11

And unto you much kindnesse they'll show,
even for the love of Mistris Money.

The seaman likewise will travaile abroad,
in storms and in tempests his heart ne're faileth,
Untill with commodities he be well stor'd,
and then through the ocean he lustily saileth.
He cares not if that he meet with some blowes,
for he so esteemeth his dearest honey,
That he spreadeth his sayls and away he goes,
and sometimes he bringeth home gold and Money.

Thus all mens affections are equally bent
to Money, which maketh them full of mettle,
And when they doe want it they are discontent,
because their love on it they doe settle :
Yet I would not have you to set your heart
on worldly treasure, to make it your honey,
But to buy this ditty before you depart,
if that you doe love sweet Mistris Money.





Christmas' Lamentation.

To the tune of "Now the Spring is come."

[This singular ballad is unquestionably as old as the reign of Elizabeth : "yellow starch," which is mentioned, and would seem on some accounts to fix it in that of James I., was in fashion some time before the death of his predecessor on the throne. It is a bold and striking reproof of the decay of hospitality, especially at Christmas, and we are aware of no other production of precisely the same kind and character. The full title in the only copy known is, "Christmas' Lamentation for the losse of his acquaintance; showing how he is forst to leave the Country, and come to London." It was "printed at London for F. C. dwelling in the old Bayly," F. C. being Francis Coles, who published many broadsides of a comparatively late date, and various reprints of much older ballads, among which last the following is to be placed.]



CHRISTMAS is my name, farre have I gone,
 Have I gone, have I gone, have I gone,
 without regard,
 Whereas great men by flockes there be flowne,
 There be flown, there be flown, there be flowne,
 to London-ward ;
 Where they in pomp and pleasure doe waste
 That which Christmas was wonted to feast,
 Welladay !

Christmas' Lamentation.

13

Houfes where musicke was wont for to ring
Nothing but batts and howlets doe sing.

Welladay ! Welladay ! Welladay !
where should I stay ?

Christmas beefe and bread is turn'd into stones,
Into stones, into stones, into stones,
and filken rags ;
And Ladie Money sleepes and makes moanes,
And makes moanes, and makes moanes, and makes
in misers bags : [moanes,

Houfes where pleasures once did abound,
Nought but a dogge and a shepheard is found,
Welladay !

Places where Christmas revells did keepe
Are now become habitations for sheepe.
Welladay ! Welladay ! Welladay !

where should I stay ?

Pan, the shepheards god, doth deface,
Doth deface, doth deface, doth deface,
Lady Ceres crowne,
And tillage that doth goe to decay,
To decay, to decay, to decay :
in every towne,
Landlords their rents so highly inhance,
That Pierce, the plow-man, bare foot may dance ;
Welladay !

Christmas' Lamentation.

And farmers, that Christmas would entertaine,
Have scarce wherewith themselves to maintaine.

Welladay ! Welladay ! Welladay !
where should I stay ?

Come to the country man, he will protest,
Will protest, will protest, will protest,
and of bull beefe boсте ;

And for the citizen he is so hot,
Is so hot, is so hot, is so hot,
he will burne the roste.

The courtier he good deeds will not scorne,
Nor will he see poore Christmas forlorne :

Welladay !

Since none of these good deeds will doe,
Christmas had best turn courtier too.

Welladay ! Welladay ! Welladay !
where should I stay ?

Pride and luxury they doe devoure,
Doe devoure, doe devoure, doe devoure,
house-keeping quite ;

And beggery that doth beget,
Doth beget, doth beget, doth beget,
in many a knight.

Madam, forsooth, in her coach must wheele,
Although she weare her hose out at heele,

Welladay !

And on her back weare that for a weed,
Which me and all my fellowes would feed.

Welladay ! Welladay ! Welladay !
where should I stay ?

Since pride came up with the yellow starch,
Yellow starch, yellow starch, yellow starch,
poore folkes doe want,

And nothing the rich men will to them give,
To them give, to them give, to them give,
but doe them taunt ;

For Charity from the country is fled,
And in her place hath nought left but need ;

Welladay !

And corne is growne to so high a price,
It makes poore men cry with weeping eyes.

Welladay ! Welladay ! Welladay !
where should I stay ?

Briefely for to end, here I doe find,
I doe find, I doe find, I doe find,
so great vacation,

That most great houses seem to attaine,
To attaine, to attaine, to attaine,
a strong purgation :

Where purging pills such effects they have shewed,
That forth of doores their owners have spewed ;

Welladay !

Christmas' Lamentation.

And whereas Christmas comes by and calls,
Nought but solitary and naked walls.

Welladay! Welladay! Welladay!
where shall I stay?

Philemon's cottage was turn'd into gold,
Into gold, into gold, into gold,
for harbouring Jove:
Rich men their houses for to keepe,
For to keepe, for to keepe, for to keepe,
might their greatnesse move;
But in the city they say they doe live,
Where gold by handfulls away they doe give:

Ile away,
And thether therefore I purpose to passe,
Hoping at London to finde the golden asse.

Ile away, Ile away, Ile away,
for here's no stay.





The Gentleman in Thracia.

To the tune of "Chevy Chace."

[This, like many others, is a ballad without date, but no doubt it was written late in the sixteenth, or early in the seventeenth century: it has no name nor initials at the end, but the style, excepting that it is a little too profaic, is very like that of Thomas Deloney, who was a prolific ballad writer of that period. The romantic story may have been a mere invention, or the author may have found it, as he states, in some "ancient chronicle." The full title of the broadside is this, "A pleasant History of a Gentleman in Thracia, which had foure Sonnes, and three of them none of his own: shewing how miraculously the true heire came to enjoy his Inheritance." It was "Printed at London for H. G." H. G. being of course Henry Goffson, who, we may presume, was some relation to the celebrated Stephen Goffson, rector of St. Botolph, Bishopgate, the adjoining parish to that in which the bookseller's family seems at one time to have resided.]

N searching ancient chronicles
it was my chance to finde
A story worth the writing out,
in my conceit and mind:
It is an admonition good
that children ought to have,

The Gentleman in Thracia.

With reverence for to thinke upon
their parents laid in grave.

In Thracia liv'd a gentleman
of noble progeny,
Who rul'd his houſhold with great fame,
and true integrity :
This gentleman did take to wife
a neat and gallant dame,
Whose outward ſhew and beauty bright
did many hearts inflame.

The luſter that came from her lookeſ,
her carriage and her grace,
Like beauteous Cynthia did outſhine
each lady in that place ;
And being puffed up in pride,
with eaſe and jollity,
Her husband could not her content,
the other men muſt try.

Lafciviously long time ſhe liv'd,
yet bore it cunningly ;
For ſhe had thoſe that watch'd ſo well,
that he could nougħt eſpy :
With bribeſ and giftſ ſhe fo bewitch'd
the hearts of ſome were neere,
That they conceal'd her wickedneſſe,
and kept it from her deare.

Thus spending of her time away
in extreme wantonnesse,
Her private friends, when she did please,
unto her had accessse ;
But the all-seeing eye of heaven
such finnes will not conceale,
And by some meanes at last will he
the truth of all reveale.

Upon a time sore sicke she fell,
yea to the very death,
And her physician told her plaine
she must refigne her breath :
Divines did likewise visit her,
and holy counsell gave,
And bade her call upon the Lord,
that He her soule might save.

Amongst the rest she did desire
they would her husband bring :
I have a secret to reveale
(she said) my heart doth sting.
Then he came posting presently
unto her where she lay,
And weeping then he did desire
what she to him would say.

She did intreat that all might voyd
the roome, and he would stay.

The Gentleman in Thracia.

Your pardon, husband, I beseech,
unto him she did say,
For I have wrong'd your marriage bed
and plaid the wanton wife :
To you the truth I will reveale
ere I depart this life.

Foure hopefull sonnes you think you have,
To me it best is knowne,
And three of them are none of yours ;
of foure but one's your owne,
And by your selfe on me begot,
which hath a wanton beene.
These dying teares forgivenesse beg ;
let mercy then be seene.

This strooke her husband in a dump,
his heart was almost dead ;
But rouzing of his spirits up
these words to her he said.
I doe forgive thee with my heart,
so thou the truth wilt tell
Which of the foure is my owne sonne,
and all things shall be well.

O, pardon me, my husband deare !
unto him she did say,
They are my children every one :
and so she went away.

Away he goes with heavy heart;
his grieves he did conceale
And like a wife and prudent man
to none did it reveale.

Not knowing which to be his owne,
each of his love did share,
And to be train'd in vertues paths
of them he had a care :
In learning great and gentle grace
they were brought up and taught ;
Such deare affection in the hearts
of parents God hath wrought.

They now were growne to mens estates,
and liv'd most gallantly ;
Each had his horse, his hawke, his hound,
and did their manhood try.
The ancient man did joy thereat,
but yet he did not know
Which was his sonne amongst the four ;
that bred in him much woe.

At length his glasse of life was run,
the fates doe so decree ;
For poore and rich they all must dye,
and death will take no fee.
Unto some judges he did send,
and counsell that were grave,

The Gentleman in Thracia.

Who presently to him did come
to know what he would have.

They coming then to his beds side,
unto them he did say :
I know you all to be my friends,
most faithfull every way ;
And now, before I leave the world,
I beg this at your hands,
To have a care which of my sonnes
shall have my goods and lands.

And to them all he did relate
what things his wife had done.
There is but one amongst the foure
that is my native sonne ;
And to your judgement I commit,
when I am laid in grave,
Which is my sonne, and which is fit
my lands and goods to have.

He dying, they in councill sate
what best were to be done,
For 'twas a taske of great import
to judge which was his sonne.
The brothers likewise were at strife,
which should the living have,
When as the ancient man was dead,
and buried in his grave.

The judges must decide the cause,
and thus they did decree,
The dead man's body up to take
and tye it to a tree :
A bow each brother he must have,
and eke an arrow take,
To shoot at their dead fathers corps,
as if he were a stake.

And he whose arrow nearest hit
his heart, as he did stand,
They'd judge him for to be right heire,
and fit to have the land.

On this they all did straight agree,
And to the field they went :
Each had a man his shaft to beare,
and bow already bent.

Now (quoth the judges) try your skill
upon your father there,
That we may quickly know who shall
unto the land be heire.

The eldest tooke his bow in hand,
and shaft, where as he stood,
Which pierc'd so deep the dead mans brest,
that it did run with blood.

The second brother then must shoot,
who straight did take his aime,

The Gentleman in Thracia.

And with his arrow made a wound,
 that blood came from the same.
The third likewise must try his skill
 the matter to decide,
Whose shaft did make a wound most deep
 into the dead man's side.

Unto the fourth and youngest, then,
 a bow and shaft were brought,
Who said, D'ee thinke that ere my heart
 could harbour such a thought,
To shoot at my dear father's heart,
 although that he be dead,
For all the kingdomes in the world
 that farre and wide are spread ?

And turning of him round about,
 the teares ran downe amaine :
He flung his bow upon the ground,
 and broke his shaft in twaine.
The judges seeing his remorse,
 they then concluded all
He was the right ; the other three
 they were unnaturall.

And so he straight possest the lands,
 being made the heire of all,

And heaven by nature in this kind
unto his heart did call.
His brothers they did envy him,
but yet he need not care,
And of his wealth, in portions large,
unto them he did share.

FINIS.





Ragged, and Torne, and True.

To the Tune of “ Old Simon the King.”

[This capital old ballad, we may conjecture from internal evidence, was first published while Elizabeth was still on the throne : the broadside we have used was “ Printed for the Affignes of Thomas Symcocke” who in the reign of James I. had a patent for publications occupying only “ one side” of paper or parchment (“ Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage,” III. 383). Symcocke granted deputations to others, and by one of his “ affigns” the present impression of an older production was put forth.]

I AM a poore man, God knowes,
and all my neighbours can tell,
I want both money and clothes,
and yet I live wondrous well :
I have a contented mind,
and a heart to beare out all,
Though fortune (being unkind)
hath given me substance small.
Then hang up sorrow and care,
it never shall make me rue ;
What though my backe goes bare,
I'me ragged, and torn, and true.
I scorne to live by the shift,
or by any sinister dealing ;
Ile flatter no man for a gift,
nor will I get money by stealing :

Ile be no knight of the post
 to sell my soule for a bribe,
Though all my fortunes be crost,
 yet I scorne the cheaters tribe.
Then hang up sorrow and care,
 it never shall make me rue ;
What though my cloake be thred-bare,
 I'me ragged, and torn, and true.

A boote of Spanish leather
 I have seene set fast in the stockes,
Exposed to wind and weather,
 and foul reproach and mocks,
While I in my poore ragges
 can passe at liberty still :
O, fie on these brawling bragges,
 when money is gotten so ill !
O, fie on these pilfering knaves !
 I scorne to be of that crue,
They steale to make themselves brave ;
 I'me ragged, and torn, and true.

I have seene a gallant goe by
 with all his wealth on his backe,
He look't as loftily
 as one that did nothing lacke ;
And yet he hath no meanes
 but what he gets by the fword,

Ragged, and Torne, and True.

Which he consumes on queanes,
for it thrives not, take my word.

O, fie on these high-way thieves !
the gallowes will be their due :

Though my doublet be rent i'th' sleeves,
I'me ragged, and torn, and true.

Somē do themselves maintaine
with playing at cards and dice :

O, fie on that lawlesse gaine
got by such wicked vice !

They coozen poore countrey-men
with their delusions vilde,

Yet it happens now and then
that they are themselves beguilde ;
For if they be caught in a snare
the pillory claimes its due.

Though my jerkin be worne and bare,
I'me ragged, and torn, and true.

I have seene some gallants brave
up Holborne ride in a cart,
Which fight much sorrow gave
to every tender heart :

Then have I said to my selfe,
what pity is it for this,
That any man for pelfe
should do such a foule amisse.

vile.

O, fie on deceit and theft !
it makes men at the last rue ;
Though I have but little left,
I me ragged, and torne, and true.

The pick-pockets in a throng,
at a market or a faire,
Will try whose purse is strong,
that they may the money share ;
But if they are caught i'th' action,
they are carried away in disgrace,
Either to the House of Correction,
or else to a worser place.
O, fie on these pilfering theees !
the gallowes will be their due :
What need I sue for repreeves ?
I me ragged, and torne, and true.

The hostler, to maintaine
himselfe with money in's purse,
Approves the proverbe true,
and fayes, Gramercy horse :
He robs the travelling beast,
that cannot divulge his ill ;
He steales a whole handfull at least
from every halfe peck he should fill.
O, fie on these coozening scabs,
that rob the poore jades of their due !

Ragged, and Torne, and True.

I scorne all theeves and drabs,
I me ragged, and torn, and true.

Tis good to be honest and just,
though a man be never so poore ;
False dealers are still in mistrust,
th'are afraid of the officers doore :
Their conscience doth them accuse,
and they quake at the noise of a bush,
While he that doth no man abuse
for the law needs not care a rush.
Then welfare the man that can say,
I pay every man his due :
Although I go poore in array,
I me ragged, and torn, and true.





The
 Complaint of King James,
 Who was slayne at Flodden Fielde,
 anno 1513.

[This piece, not strictly speaking a ballad, is in the form and spirit of that ancient popular work, "The Mirror for Magistrates." Ulpian Fulwell originally printed it in his "Flower of Fame," 1575, 4to. where the title stands thus:—"The lamentable complaint of King James of Scotland, who was slayne at Scottish fielde," meaning, of course, Flodden Field. The work was "Imprinted at London in Fleet Street, at the Temple gate by William Hoskins."]

AMONG the rest whom rewfull fate hath reft,
 Whose shrouding sheetes have wrapt their
 woful lyves,
 Why have not I a place among them left,
 Whose fall eche tong with dayly talke revives?
 Such is the wheele that froward Fortune drives;
 To day a king of puissance and might,
 And in one howre a wofull wretched wight.

A happie life by happie end is tride,
 A wretched race by wofull ende is known:
 Though pleasant wind the ship do rightly guyde,

The Complaint of King James.

At last by rage of stormes tis over throwne :
 The greatest oke with tempest is fyrt blowne.
 Though Fortune seeme a loft to hoysse thy sayle,
 Yet Fortune ofte tymes smyles to small avayle.

sudden.

I thought my bower buylt on happie foyle,
 Which under propped was with tickle staye ;
 Wherfore on sodayne chaunce I tooke the foyle,
 In hope for to have had a noble praye,
 In search whereof I reapt my fatall daye.
 With shamefull death my fame was forte to bow ;
 A gwerdon-meete for breach of sacred vow.

reward.

A Prince his promise ought not to be broke,
 Much more his othe of ryght observde should be ;
 But greedie gayne doth oft the mynde provoke
 To breake both othe and vowe, as seemes by mee :
 Ambition blearde myne eyes, I coulde not see.
 I fynde though man with man his faith forgoe,
 Yet man with God may not [in deede] do so.

I was a king, my power was not small ;
 I ware the crowne to wield the Scottish land ;
 I raignde and rewilde, the greater was my fall :
 The myght of God no kingdome can withstand.
 An Earle wan of mee the upper hande ;
 With blodie sworde my lucklesse lyfe to ende
 By shamefull death, without tyme to amende.

The Complaint of King James.

33

Such was the force of Atrop's cruell spight,
Unlooked for to cut my fatall lyne.
My wretched carcas then was brought in sight
Through London streets, wherat the Scots repine :
The endles shame of this mishap is myne.
Like butchers ware on horsebacke was I brought :
The King of Kinges for me this end hath wrought.

Let Princes all by me example take
What daunger tis to dally in such case ;
By perjurye their faythes for to forfake,
Leaft seate of shame shall be their endles place :
Foule infamie shall their renowne deface.
Of falsed faith such is deserved hyre,
And he muſt falle that will too hyghe aſpyre.

Ye noble Peeres, whose lives with myne did end,
Send forth from graves your grieſly ghosts ech one,
To wayle the chaunce that Fortune us did ſende :
Let all the Scots powre out their plaints and mone,
That we to hedles haste were apt and prone ;
Which rash beginning, voyde of Godly awe,
Had lyke ſuccelſe for breach of ſacred lawe.

I thought that Englande had beene far too weake
For my ſtrong powre, when Henry was away,
Which made mee light regarde my vow to breake ;
But yet I founde they were left in good stay,

The Complaint of King James.

With force and strength to purchase my decay.
Thus my aspiring minde had guerdon due,
Which may a myrror bee for men to vewe :

Whereby to shun the breach of sacred vow,
And not to seeke a lawlesse meanes to raygne,
For right will force ursurped rule to bow,
And reape repulse in steade of noble gaine.
Thus truth in tyme doth turne her foe to paine,
And God him selfe doth shiled the rightfull cause:
Then, let men learne to lyve within his lawes.

ULPIAN FULWELL.





The Devil and the Scold.

To the Tune of “The Seminary Priest.”

[This is certainly an early ballad: the allusion, in the second stanza, to Tom Thumb and Robin Goodfellow (whose “Mad Pranks” had been published before 1588, with the wood-cut which follows the ballad) is highly curious, and one proof of its antiquity, although it has reached us only in an impression “Printed at London for Henry Goffon, dwelling upon London Bridge, neare to the Gate.” Besides the heading, the following couplet forms part of the title:—

“A pleasant new Ballad you here may behold,
How the Devill, though subtle, was gul’d by a scold.”]

GIVE eare, my loving countrey-men
that still desire newes,
Nor passe not while you heare it fung,
or else the song peruse;
For ere you heare it I must tell
my newes it is not common;
But Ile unfold a truth betwixt
a Devill and a woman.

Tom Thumb is not my subject,
whom Fairies oft did aide,
Nor that mad spirit Robin,
that plagues both wife and maid;

The Devil and the Scold.

Nor is my song satyricke like,
invented against no man,
But onely of a pranke betwixt
a Devill and a woman.

Then, widdowes wives and maids
give eare as well as men,
And by this woman learne
to gull the world agen :
You may by this turn artists,
or masters of your art,
And when the Devill comes for you
you need care nothing for't.

A woman well in yeares
liv'd with a husband kinde,
Who had a great desire
to live content in minde ;
But 'twas a thing impossible
to compas his desire,
For night and day with scolding
she did her husband tire.

With, roughish lowtish clowne!
despite thee Ile be wilde ;
Doeſt thou think I marryed thee
to ſe thee like a childe,
And ſet thee on my lap,
or humour what you ſpeake ?

roguish.

Before Ile be so fond
thy very heart Ile breake.

Why, loving wife, quoth he,
Ile never doe thee wrong,
So shoul't be rul'd by me,
and onely hold thy tongue ;
And when I come from worke
wilt please at board and bed :
Doe this, my loving wife,
and take all, being dead.

Marke well, quoth she, my words,
what ere you speake me to,
By faire meanes or by foule,
the contrary Ile doe.
According to her speech
this man led such a life,
That oft he wish't the Devill
to come and fetch his wife.

Had he bid her goe homely,
why then she would goe brave ;
Had he cal'd her good wife,
she cal'd him rogue and slave ;
Bade he, wife, goe to church,
and take the fairest pew,
Shee'd goe unto an alehouse
and drinke, lye downe and spew.

The Devil and the Scold.

The Devill, being merry
with laughing at this mirth,
Would needs from hell come trotting
to fetch her from the earth ;
And coming like a horse
did tell this man his minde,
Saying, set her but astride my backe,
Ile hurry her through the winde.

Kinde Devill, quoth the man,
if thou a while wilt wait,
Ile bid her doe that thing
shall make her backe thee straight :
And here Ile make a vow,
for all she is my wife,
Ile never send for her againe,
Whilst I have breath or life.

Content, the Devill cry'd :
then to his wife goes he ;
Good wife, goe leade that horse
so blacke and faire you see.
Goe leade, fir knave ! quoth she,
and wherefore not goe ride ?
She tooke the Devill by the reines,
and up she goes astride.

The Devill neighed loud,
and threw his heeles i'th'ayre :

Kick in the Devills name ! quoth she,
a shrew doth never fear.

Away to hell he went
with this most wicked scold,
But she did curbe him with the bit,
and would not lose her hold.

The more he cry'd, Give way,
the more she kept him in,
And kickt him so with both her heeles,
that both his fides were thin.

Alight, the Devill cry'd,
and quicke the bridle loose :
No, I will ride (quoth she)
whiles thou hast breath or shooes.

Again she kickt and prickt,
and fate so stiff and well,
The Devill was not so plagu'd
a hundred yeares in hell.

For pity light (quoth he)
thou put'st me to much paine :
I will not light (quoth she)
till I come home againe.

The Devill shewd her all
the paines within that place,
And told her that they were
ordin'd for scolds so base.

The Devil and the Scold.

Being bereft of breath,
for scolding 'tis my due ;
But whilst I live on earth,
Ile be reveng'd on you.

Then did she draw her knife,
and gave his eare a slit :
The Devill never felt
the like from mortall yet.
So, fearing further danger,
he to his heeles did take,
And faster then he came
he post haste home did make.

Here take her (quoth the Devill)
to keep her here be bold,
For hell will not be troubled
with such an earthly scold.
When I come home I may
to all my fellowes tell,
I lost my labour, and my bloud,
to bring a scold to hell.

The man half dead did stand,
away the Devill hyde :
Then since the world nor hell
can well a scold abide.
To make a saile of shps
let husbands fall to worke,

The Devil and the Scold.

41

And give their free consents
to send them to the Turke.

Then, honest wives and maides,
and widdowes of each fort,
Might live in peace and rest
and Silence keep her court :
Nor would I have a scold
one penny here bestow,
But, honest men and wives,
buy these before you goe.





The Lamentacion of Freyndshyp.

[Thomas] Churchyard, the author of the subsequent satire, for it is only a ballad in appearance, began writing in the reign of Edward VI. and did not cease until James I. had ascended the throne: his many worldly disappointments gave a colour to nearly all he wrote, and what follows is strongly tinged with misanthropy. It was composed in couplets, but the printer of the broadside (no name is attached to our copy, and perhaps it has been accidentally cut off) thought fit to give it the appearance of stanzas. There seems to have been another impression, "Imprinted at London by Thomas Colwell for Nicolas Wyer," a copy of which was in the collection of the late Mr. Heber.]

SN Court, some say, doth freindshyp flowe,
And some to Court for freindshyp goe,
But I that walke the worlde aboute
Could never yet fynde freyndshyp out;
For fynenesse shewes so fayre a face,
That freyndshyp hath no dwellynge place.

Yea, depe dyssemblynge manners mylde
Hath fayth and freindshyp both exylde.
The holowe harte is fowle and fell,
Wheare freyndshyp loketh now to dwell:
The humble speche and Syrenes songe
Hath shrouded freyndshyp over longe.

The wylie wordes that wave wyth wynde
Hath brought true frendshyp out of mynde ;
And, to be shorte, fayre wordes is all
The fruite that from the tree dothe fall.
Wordes welde the worlde, and beare the swaye,
And freindshyp daylye doth decaye.

wield.

Yet durste I make of it reporte,
It is amonge the meaner forte
If any faythe or freindshyp bee ;
But I so lytle freindshyp see,
I feare the vertue of the same
Consyftes but in a gentle name.

The worlde is waxen now so nyce
That we have learnt the Frenche devyce,
At your commaundement, for a showe,
And meane no farther for to goe :
We are as free of promyse styll,
As though we mente a great good wyll ;

And brave it out for gloryes sake,
And much adoe therof we make,
To blasfe abrode our bountye great.
Tush, man ! the fyre hath lost his heate ;
The flame yeldes furthe but sparkles small,
Theare is no freyndshyp now at all.

Geve eare, and heare a pretye jest.
Theare was a man (at my request)

The Lamentacion of Freyndshyp.

That seemd an earnest freinde in dede,
And swore he wolde supplye my nede
Wyth all hys helpe he could devyse ;
And ofte to blere his ladyes eyes,

bounty.

And make her know hys lyberall mynde,
(For women larges love of kynde)
He promyft many a goodlye gyfte ;
But when I put hym to hys shyfte
For quycke performance of this geare,
Then backwarde gan he for to sweare

spirit.

Eche worde had past hys mouth before.
I pray you now, if we had store
Of such good freinds when nede shuld cum,
Myght not a pore man ftryke hys drum
Before theyr dores wyth cherefule sprete,
And sounde a marche in open strete

Ere.

A thousand tymes amidste hys greefe,
Or he should fynde thearby releefe ?
Fyve hundred of such mates as theafe
(Whose freyndshyp is not worth a pease,
Whose bravery shynes beyonde the sunne,
Yet flypper laddes when all is done)

My hap hath bene to mete or thys.
Beware, I say, the Judas kysse,
The flyrynge face, the parate gaye,
The bablynge tongue that hath no staye,

The fawner fyne that croutcheth lowe,
The pliant head that bendes lyke bowe,
Whose nature lykes not freindshyp's lawe,
The gloryous man, the pratyng dawe.
Tut, tut ! I warne thee oversoone,
Ful longe hath nede to be the spoone
A man should have for every feate,
That wyth the dyvell thynkes to eate :

For dyvels in these dayes are ryfe,
And thou must nedes leade out thy lyfe
Wyth depe dyssemblers every wayes.
The dyvels are much more to prayse,
Then muffled men that myscheife breede,
Who are not knownen but by theyr deede.

Oh frendshyp ! thou art much mysused
To be wyth freindes thus abused ;
For freyndshyp should wyth open face
Be seene and felt in every place :
Of playnenesse first was freyndshyp wrought,
Just as the Gods, and pure of thought.

Full free and franke, as lordes have byn,
Full bent the peoples hartes to wynne ;
Full glad to fyll the nedye hande,
Full firme of worde, and sure to stande,
As oke that every storne wyl byde,
Not lost with want, nor wonne wyth prude,

The Lamentacion of Freyndshyp.

noife.

And welthy pompe, the pumpe of synne,
 That bryngeth every myscheife in ;
 But alwayes cleare from falsehedde's trayne.
 Then, tell me now, and do not fayne,
 Where does that freindshyp buylde his bowre ?
 Where is such freinshyp had this howre ?

Where maketh he now hys mansyon place ?
 Or where (good Lord !) hath men such grace
 To lyght upon so great a blisse ?
 Mans mynde and nature altered is :
 The worlde in wyckednesse is drounde,
 And, trulye, freindshyp is unsounde,

And rotten lyke corrupted fruite.
 Though gloryous men wyll beare a brute
 Of freindes, theyr freyndshyp is so colde
 That we therof have lytle holde :
 When it should serve our turne (God knowes)
 We reap the weede and plant the rose.

We gape for golde, and grype but glasse.
 Now do such wordes of offyce passe
 Tweene all estates, bothe farre and nere,
 That talke is nought but fayned chere,
 To make fayre weather for a whyle,
 Tyl one the other do beguyle.

I tell thee, man, who playes the parte
 Of wylie fox must lerne thys arte :

The Lamentacion of Freyndshyp.

47

They are no small byrdes (as I gesse)
If I in authors maye expresse
The synnes that now be kept in store,
That put in practyse this and more,

To compasse cloked freyndshyp fyne.
The fowler never drawes hys lyne
So strayght upon the selye fowle,
Nor sure the byas of the bowle
Goeth not so strayghte on mayster blocke,
As dayly dothe thys dallyenge flocke

Upon the polycye of the brayne,
To brynge the selye foole to trayne.
Men are so used these dayes wyth wordes,
They take them but for jestes and boordes,
That Christmas Lordes were wonte to speke.
Well, well, I say the worlde is weke,

jokes.

And weker it is lyke to bee,
When credyte out of the worlde shall flye ;
When trust is gone, and trothe is dead,
And faythfull freyndshyp hydes hys head,
And wordes are helpe of none effecte,
And promyse faythfull is suspecte.

Farewell ! all earthly hope is past.
I see our maners change so fast,
And suche affection leades our wyll
Awry to fickle freyndshyp styl,

The Lamentacion of Freyndshyp.

That sure true freindshyp sylent syttes,
And nought beares rule but wlye wyttes,

Unshamefaste wayes, and meare deceyte
For playnenesse, such a pleafante bayte
As choketh up both hye and lowe,
And poysoneþ all the worlde, I trowe.
Wherfore, synce freyndshyp takes hys leave,
And fynenesse dothe us all deceyve,

Let freyndshyppes name be banyshed quyte;
For sure it is a great dyspyte
To speke of freindshyp any tyme,
To make of freindshyp prose or ryme,
Or gyve to freyndshyp anye prayse,
That is so frutelesse in our dayes.

T. CHURCHYARD.





Mock-Begger's Hall.

To the tune of "It is not your Northern Nanny," or "Sweet is the Lass that loves me."

[This ballad is a very amusing and clever satire on many changes for the worse, about the period it seems to have been written—the beginning of the seventeenth century. The full title is "Mock-Begger's Hall, with his situation in the spacious country called Anywhere;" and we have been obliged (from the existence of no other, excepting a still more modern reprint,) to use a copy published, during the civil wars: it purports to have been "Printed for Richard Harper, at the Bible and Harp, in Smithfield." The wood-cut at the end is a representation of Tarlton, the comedian, who was so popular before 1588, when he died. If the entry in the register of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, apply to him, as no doubt it does, his name has never been accurately spelt in the quotations of it: it there stands Richard Torrelton; and it is remarkable that he was buried on the very day his will bears date, September 3. We may conclude perhaps that he died of the plague. There was a wood-cut of Tarlton, playing upon his pipe and tabor, as early as 1590, no doubt similar to that we have inserted, and not unfrequently found at the head of old ballads.]

IN ancient times, when as plain dealing
Was most of all in fashion,
There was not then half so much stealing,
Nor men so given to passion;
But now a days truth so decays,
And false knaves there are plenty,
So pride exceeds all worthy deeds,
While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Mock-begger's Hall.

The hangman now the fashion keeps,
And swaggers like our gallants ;
While love and charity fits and weeps,
To see them waste their talents ;
Spend all their store untill no more,
Such prodigals there are plenty,
Thus brave it out, while men them flout,
And Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Ned Swash hath fetched his cloaths from pawn,
With dropping of the barrell ;
Joan Dust hath bought a smock of lawn,
And now begins to quarrell :
She thinks herselfe, poor silly elfe,
To be the best of twenty,
And yet her score is wondrous poor,
While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

I read in ancient times of yore, . . .
That men of worthy calling
Built almes houfes and spittles store,
Which now are all down falling ;
And few men seek them to repair,
Nor none is there among twenty
That for good deeds will take any care,
While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Farm houses which their fathers built,
And land well kept by tillage,

Their prodigal sons have sold for gilt
In every town and village.
To the city and court they do resort,
With gold and silver plenty ;
And there they spend their time in sport,
While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Young landlords, when to age they come,
Their rents they would be racking ;
The tenant must give a golden sum,
Or else he is turn'd packing :
Great fines, and double rent beside,
Or else they'l not content be :
It is for to maintain their monstrous pride,
While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Their fathers went in homely freez,
And wore good plain cloth breeches ;
Their stockings with the same agrees,
Sowed on with good strong stitches :
They were not then called gentlemen,
Though they had wealth great plenty ;
Now every gull's grown worshipfull,
While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

No gold nor silver parchment lace
Was worn but by our Nobles ;
Nor would the honest harmles face
Wear cuffs with so many doubles.

money.

Mock-begger's Hall.

Their bands were to their shirts sown then,
Yet cloth was full as plenty ;
Now one hand hath more cloth than ten,
While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Now we are apes in imitation,
The more indeed's the pity ;
The city follows the stranger's fashion,
The country followes the city :
And ere one fashion is known throughout,
Another they will invent ye ;
'Tis all your gallants study about,
While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Methinks it is a great reproach
To those that are nobly descended,
When for their pleasures they cannot have a coach
Wherewith they might be attended ;
But every beggerly Jack and Gill,
That eat scant a good meal in twenty,
Must through the streets be jaunted still,
While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

There's some are rattled thorough the streets,
Probatum est, I tell it,
Whose names are wrapt in parchment sheets ;
It grieves their hearts to spell it :
They are not able two men to keep,
With a coachman they must content be,

Which at play-house doore in's box lies asleep,
While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Our gentlewomen, whose means is nothing
To that which they make show of,
Must use all the fashions in their cloathing,
Which they can hear or know of:
They take such care themselves to deck,
That money is oft so scanty,
The belly is forc'd to complain to the back,
While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

There is a crue, and a very mad crue,
That about the town doth swagger,
That seem like Knights to the people's view,
And wear both sword and dagger,
That sweeten their cloaths once a week ;
Hunger with them is so plenty,
The broker will not have them to seek,
While Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Some gentlemen and citizens have,
In divers eminent places,
Erected housës fine and brave,
Which stood for the owners' graces.
Let any poor to such a door
Come, they expecting plenty,
They there may ask till their throats are sore,
For Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

Mock-begger's Hall.

Thus plainly I to you declare
How strangely times are changed ;
What humors in the people are,
How vertue is estranged :
How every jackanapes can strut,
Such coxcombs there are plenty ;
But at the last in the prison shut,
So Mock-begger Hall stands empty.

FINIS.





A

Larum Bell for London.

[The name of the author of the following production—John Carre—is new in the history of our poetry, although it may be thought that he does not add much to its claims to admiration: his stanzas, however, contain a remarkable exhortation against the prevailing vices of the metropolis at an early date, for the colophon of a work in which they appeared is, “Imprinted at London, by Henry Kirkham, 1573.” The broadside has no date, but may be even older.]

EOR thee, O London! I lament,
And wring my hands with mourning
chere,
Because that thou wilt not repent,
Seyng thy destruction draweth nere.
If it be true as Scriptures tell,
Thy synnes will fincke thee doun to hell.

The vices whiche in thee are used,
Too tedious are for me to tell:
Thy noble fame is sore abused,
By those whiche in thee now doe dwell;
Whereby I see thy great decaie,
That God doth threaten thee eche daie.

A Larum Bell for London.

The vice of pride hath tane suche place,
That it can not be rooted out;
And hath continued so long space,
That of Gods ire thou hast no doubt :
And suche a place pride doeth supplie,
That from thee it will never flie.

For like a weede it up doeth spryng,
It is not set nor sownen at all ;
The whiche good herbes and fruictes will bryng,
Ere they be ripe, unto a fall.
To cut it doun it is no boote,
Except you cleane plucke up the roote.

For where this weede doth spring and grow,
Good fruictes can not there prosper well,
Because that cruelnesse so doeth flowe,
That vertuous herbes it doeth excell :
Whiche weede we maie compare to pride,
That causeth vertue awaie to slide.

So likewise pride in London now
Doeth florishe in suche goodly sorte,
That they invent whiche waie and how
Thereby augmented it might be;
And nothyng doe regarde at all,
That pride in the ende will have a fall.

Consider well that pride hath been
The fall of many cities greate,

And Sodom soncke for suche like synne,

As sacred Scriptures dooth repeete;

Gomorrrha eke came to decaie,

Because that pride did beare the swaie.

And Alexandria in like cace,

Whiche was a citie strong and greate;

Pride would not let them purchase grace,

Nor yet for mercie would intreate:

Because that pride so muche did flowe,

It was destroied, and lies full lowe.

And Ninivie like cause I finde,

In the ende for pride was cleane destroied,

For pride so muche did puffe their minde,

That God was cleane forgot and voide:

In pride so much they did delite,

That God the same destroied quite.

Jerusalem, that citie strong,

Pride would not let them God to knowe,

In whiche pride they continued long,

As Josephus the same doeth shewe;

Till Titus did destroie the same,

And did accuse their pride with shame.

Ensample take by noble Troie;

The like for pride was never sene:

With warres the Greekes did it destroie,

Bothe wall and house they threwe doune clene:

A Larum Bell for London.

Because that pride did beare the swaie,
It came to ruine and decae.

Therefore, O London! now take heede,
For thou wast called Troie sometyme,
That suche decae doeth not procede

For to revenge of pride the crime :
Therefore repent, from pride refraine,
Lest, as Troie did, thou feele some paine.

For God doeth threaten thy greate fall,
By signes and tokens many waies,
The whiche unto thee happen shall
Shortly, Christ saith, and in fewe daies.

Therefore his power divine to please
Repent, his ire thou shalt appease.

O London! thou hast cause to weepe,
For to consider thyne estate :
Thou art in synne now drownde so deepe,
That from hell mouthe thou canst not scape:
Except repentance thou embrace,
At God's hande thou shalt finde no grace.

foolish

To practise pride thou doest delight,
And fonde devises for to gaine,
Whiche is esteemed all in God's sight
A thing most frivolous and vaine :
Yet thou doest seke the same to use,
Whiche doeth thy noble fame abuse.

Let this a reformation be
For thee, that thou in time repent,
Whereby thou mightst have grace to flee
From pride, the Lorde's will to content.
Revolve in mynde what happen shall,
For pride in the ende shall have a fall.

JOHN CARRE.





The Bride's Good-morrow.

To a pleasant new Tune.

[This is a peculiar, but a pleasing ballad, tinged with a puritanical spirit, and unquestionably of an early date, though, as we learn at the end of it, "Printed by the Assigues of Thomas Symcocke," of whom we have before spoken (p. 26). The domestic ceremonials, preceding a marriage, near the end of the reign of Elizabeth, are delicately touched, and afford a not uninteresting illustration of the manners of the time. The lines near the close,

"With sweet rosemary in their hand,
a perfect token of your virgin's life,"

shew why that herb was of old employed as an emblem at weddings, and afford a particular explanation of a passage in "Pericles." Act iv. Sc. 6. The exclamation "Good Morrow, Mistris Bride!" is found, as a quotation, in more than one play of the time of Shakespeare, with other allusions to this ballad.]

THE night is passed, and joyfull day appeareth
most cleare on every side,
With pleasant musick we therefore salute you
good Morrow, Mistris Bride!
From sleepe and slumber now wake you out of hand,
your Bridegroome stayeth at home,
Whose fancy, favour and affection still doth stand
fixed on thee alone.
Dresse you in your best array ;
This must be your wedding day.

The Bride's Good-morrow.

61

God almighty send you happy joy !
In health and wealth to keep you still,
And, if it be his blessed will,
God keepe you safe from sorrow and annoy.

This day is honour now brought into thy bosome,
And comfort to thy heart ;
Or God hath sent you a friend for to defend you
From sorrow care and smart.
In health and sicknes, for thy comfort day and night
He is appointed and brought,
Whose love and liking is most constant sure and right :
Then, love him as ye ought.

Now you have your hearts desire
And the thing you did require.

God almighty send you happy joy !
In health and wealth to keepe you still,
And, if it be his blessed will,
God keepe you safe from sorrow and annoy.

There is no treasure the which may be compared
Unto a faithfull friend :
Old soone decayeth, and worldly wealth consumeth,
And wasteth in the winde ;
But love once planted in a perfect and pure minde
Indureth weale and woe :
The frownes of fortune, come they never so unkinde,
Cannot the same overthrowe.

The Bride's Good-morrow.

A bit of bread is better cheare,
Where love and friendship doth appeare,
 then dainty dishes stuffed full of strife ;
For where the heart is cloyd with care,
Sower is the sweetest fare,
 And death far better then so bad a life.

Sweet Bride, then may you full well contented stay you,
 and in your heart rejoice,
Sith God was guider both of your heart and fancy,
 and maker of your choice :
And he that preferd you to this happie state
 will not behold you decay,
Nor see you lacke relieve or helpe in any rate,
 if you his precepts obey.
To those that ask it faithfully
The Lord will no good thing deny ;
 this comfort in the Scriptures you may finde :
Then, let no worldly grieve and care
Vexe your heart with foule dispaire,
 Which doth declare the unbelieving minde.

All things are ready, and every whit prepared,
 to beare you company ;
Your friends and parents doe give their due attendaunce
 together courteously.
The house is drest and garnisht for your sake
 with flowers gallant and green :

solem feast your comely cooks do ready make
where all your friends will be seen.
Youngmen and maids do ready stand,
With sweet rosemary in their hand,
a perfect token of your virgin's life :
o wait upon you they intend
nto the Church to make an end,
And God make thee a joyfull wedded wife !

FINIS.





The Soldier's Repentance

To an excellent new Tune, called "Calino."

[This ballad has neither printer's name (which is unusual) nor date (which is commonly omitted) but we may feel sure that it was written about the middle of the reign of Elizabeth. The Irish tune to which it was to be sung, was employed as early as 1584, in Clement Robinson's "Handfull of Pleasant Delights;" and Pistol uses it in Shakespeare's "Henry V.," though Malone, Steevens, &c. were at fault about it (See Collier's Shakespeare, iv. 543). The ballad was supposed to be sung regarding some worthy soldier, who perhaps had returned poor and wounded from the wars in the Low Countries: it is much like the spirit of Barnaby Rich, but it is too good for his verification. The full title in the original broadside is somewhat long:—"A pleasant song made by a Soldier, whose bringing up had been dainty, and partly by those affections of his unbridled youth is now beaten with his own roguery, and therefore termed his Repentance, or the Fall of Folly."]

SN summer time, when Phœbus rayes
Did cheer each mortall mans delight,
Increasing of the cheerfull dayes,
And cutting of the darksome night:

When nature brought foorth every thing
By just return of Aprill showers,
To make the pleasant branches spring
With sundry sorts of herbs and flowers,

It was my chance to walk abroad
To view dame Natures new come brood:
The pretty birds did lay on load
With sugred tunes in every wood.

The gallant nightingale did set
Her speckled brest against a bryer,
Whose mournfull tunes bewail (as yet)
Her brother Tereus false desire.

The serpents having cast their coats
Lay listning how the birds did sing;
The pretty birds with sugred notes
Did welcome in the pleasant spring.

I drew me to the green-wood side
To hear this country harmony,
Whereas er'e long I had espy'd
A wofull man in misery.

He lay alone upon the ground,
And to the heavens he cast his eye :
The bordering hills and dales resound
The echoes of his piteous cry.

He wailing sore and fighing said,
O heavens, what endlesse grief have I !
Why are my sorrows thus delaid ?
Come therefore, Death, and let me die.

The Soldier's Repentance.

When Nature first had made my frame,
And set me loose when she had done,
Steps Fortune in, that fickle dame,
To end what Nature had begun.

She set my feet upon her knee,
And blest my tender age with store;
But, in the end, she did agree
To mar what she had done before.

I could no sooner creep alone,
But she forsook her fostered child :
I had no lands to live upon,
But trac'd abroad the world so wild.

At length I fell in company
With gallant youths of Mars his train :
I spent my life in jeopardy,
And got my labour for my pain.

I watched on the sieged walls,
In thunder lightning rain and snow,
And oft being shot with powdred balls,
Whose costly markes are yet to show.

When all my kindred took their rest
At home in many a stately bed,
The ground and pavement was my nest,
My flask a pillow for my head.

My meat was such as I could find,
Of roots and herbs of sundry sort,
Which did content my hungry mind,
Although my commons were but short.

My powder serv'd to salt my meat,
My murzion for a gilded cup ;
Whereas such drink as I could get
In spring or ditch, I drank it up.

My rapier always by my fide,
My piece lay charged with match and light,
Thus many a month I did abide,
To ward all day, and watch by night.

I lived in this glorious vein,
Until my limbs grew stiff and lame ;
And thus I got me home again,
Regarding no such costly fame.

When I came home I made a proof
What friends would do, if need should be :
My nearest kinsfolk lookt aloof,
As though they had forgotten me.

And as the owl by chattering charmes
Is wondred at by other birds,
So they came wondring at my harms,
And yeeld me no relief but words.

helmet.

The Soldier's Repentance.

Thus do I want, while they have store,
That am their equall every way,
Though Fortune lent them somewhat more,
Else I had been as good as they.

Come, gentle Death, and end my grief.
Ye pretty birds ring forth my knell :
Let Robin Red-breast be the chief
To bury me, and so farewell.

Let no good souldier be dismaid
To fight in field with courage bold ;
Yet mark the words that I have said,
Trust not to friends when thou art old.





The Widow of Watling Street.

PART I.

To the Tune of "Bragandary."

[This ballad, in two parts, and to two different tunes, was entered for publication on the books of the Stationers Company by Richard Jones on 15th Aug. 1597, which with sufficient exactness ascertains its date. It was extremely popular, and must have been often reprinted: our impression is made from a reprint, no copy of the oldest edition being now known, and all others being of extreme rarity. Malone could not obtain a sight of it, and supposed that it was the foundation of the play called "The Puritan, or the Widow of Watling Street," first printed in 1607, and attributed to Shakespeare in the folio of 1664, but in reality by Wentworth (not William, as Malone gives it, Suppl. ii. 534,) Smith, whose name occurs in Henslowe's "Diary," printed by the Shakespeare Society. The fact is, that the ballad has no sort of connexion with the play, beyond the title, which perhaps was adopted by the dramatist on account of its popularity. The copy we have used was "Printed for Fr. Cowles," who omitted the burden after the first stanza.]


 F the kind Widdow of Watling street
 I will the story tell,
 Who by her husband deere was left
 in substance very well.
 A prodigall sonne likewise had she,
 And faire young daughters lovely three.

The Widow of Watling Street.

*Great misery, sorrow and misery,
Commeth for want of grace.*

For by his daily practises,
which were both lewd and ill,
His father's heart from him was drawne,
his love and his good will :
But what chance so ere befell,
His mother lov'd him dearely well.

When in prisone he lay full poore
for debt that he did owe,
His father would not stirre out of doore
for to release his woe ;
But when his mother his grieve did see,
Shee found the meanes to set him free.

And when her husband fell full sicke,
and went to make his will,
O husband! remember your son, she sayd,
although he hath beene ill ;
But yet, no doubt, he may returne,
Repenting the evill he hath done.

Remember, wife, what sorrow and care
through him I daily found,
Who through his lewd ungracious deedes
hath spent me many a pound ;
And, therefore, let him sinke or swim,
I meane not for to deale with him.

The Widow of Watling Street.

71

And, therefore, sole Executor heere

I doe thee onely make,

To pay my debts and legacies ;

the rest unto thee take.

Not so, my husband deare, quoth she,

But let your sonne be joyn'd with me.

For why he is our child, she sayd,

we can it not denie,

The first that ever graced you

with father's dignitie :

Oh ! that ever you did me love,

Grant this request for his behove.

Thy love, deare wife, was evermore

most pretious unto me ;

And, therefore, for thy sweet love's sake,

I grant thy suit to thee ;

But ere one yeaire be fully spent,

I know thou wilt the same repent.

Now was his sonne received home,

and with his mother deare

Was joyn'd Executor of the will,

which did his courage cheere.

The old man dying buried was :

And now behold what came to passe.

The funerall being ended quite,

it fell upon a day,

The Widow of Watling Street.

Some friend did fetch the Widdow forth,
to drive conceits away :

While she was forth, and thought no ill,
Her wicked sonne doth worke his will.

Possession of the house he took
in most despitefull wife,

Throwing his sisters out of doore
with sad lamenting cryes.

When this they did his mother shew,
She would not believe he would do so.

But when she came unto her house,
and found it so indeede,

She cald unto her sonne and said,
although her heart did bleede,

Come downe, my sonne, come downe, said she ;
Let in thy mother and sisters three.

I will not let in my mother, he said,
nor sisters any one ;

The house is mine, I will it keepe ;
Therefore, away, begone !

O sonne ! how canst thou endure to see't
Thy mother and sisters to lye i'th' street ?

Did not thy father by his will,
for tearme of this my life,
Give me this house for to enjoy,
without all further strife ?

The Widow of Watling Street.

73

And more, of all his goods, said shee,
I am Executor joyn'd with thee.

My father left you the house, he said,
but this was his intent,

That you therefore, during your life,
should pay me yearely rent :
An hundred pound a yeare therefore
You shall give me, or else give it o're.

And sith the cittie's custom is,
That you your thirds must have
Of all my father's moveables,
I grant what law doth crave ;
But not a penny more will I
Discharge of any legacie.

O wicked sonne! quoth shee, that seekes
thy mother thus to fleece.

Thy father to his daughters gave
three hundred pound a peece :
Tell me, who shall their portions pay,
Appointed at their marriage day ?

Then with a scornefull smile he said,
what talke you of so much ?
Ten pounds a peece I will them give,
my charity is such.

Now fie upon thee, beast! quoth she,
That thus dost deale with them and me.

The Widow of Watling Street.

But ere that they and I will take
this injurie at thy hand,
The chiefeſt peeres of England ſhall
the matter understand.

Nay, if you go to that, quoth he,
Marke well what I ſhall tell to thee.

Thou haſt a ſecret harlot beene ;
and this Ile prove full plaine,
That in my father's lifetime diſt
lewd ruffians entertaine ;
The which diſt beget of thee,
In wicked ſort, theſe baſtards three.

No daughters to my father, then,
were they in any wife,
As he ſuppoſed them to be,
Thou blinding ſo his eyes :
Therefore, no right at all have they
To any penny given this day.

When ſhee diſt heare her shameleſſe ſonne
for to defame her ſo,
Shee with her lovely daughters three
with grieſe away diſt goe.
But how this matter out diſt fall
The ſecond part will ſhew you all.

FINIS PART I.

PART II.

To the Tune of "The Wanton Wife."

THE beautifull Widdow of Watling Street,
Being thus falsely accused by her sonne,
With her three daughters of favour so sweet,
Whose beauty the love of many had wonne,
With her daughters three for succour went she
into the King's Counsell of noble degree.

*Now, fie upon falsehood and forgerie fraile !
For great is the truth, and it will prevaile.*

Her sonne by writ now summoned is
To the Star-chamber with speed to appeare,
And answer the vile abuses of his ;
The Lords of the Counsell the matter will heare.
His newes being brought, his wits he sought,
Which way his villany best might be wrought.

Then up and down the citie so faire
He seeketh companions to serve his turne,
A sort of vagabonds naked and bare,
He which to worke murders for money are won.
These wretches, behold, for money and gold,
Are hired for witness, his lies to uphold.

"My masters, quoth he, my mother by name
To be a lewd strumpet accused I have ;

The Widow of Watling Street.

And having no witnesse to prove the same,
Your ayde and assistance herein I doe crave :
Therefore, without fear, before the Lords there,
That this thing is certain you sixe shall it sweare.

The first two, quoth he, shall sweare on a booke
That sixteene yeares past they plainly did see,
As they through the garden hedge sadly did looke,
That she in one houre was abused by three :
And how it befell, they two mark'd it well,
That just nine months after she had her first girle.

The second couple shall sweare in this sort ;
That at Bristow, about thirteene yeares past,
She with her owne prentice did fall in such sport,
That her second daughter was got at the last.
Now trust us, quoth they, wee'lle sweare what you say
Or any thing else for money this day.

And thus the third couple their oath now shal take,
That as at the Bath shee stay'd on a day,
For ach in the bones an excuse she did make,
How shee with a courtier the wanton did play ;
And how, well you wot, in that pleasant plot
Her dearest young daughter for certaine was got.

But now, my masters, your names let me know,
That I may provide your apparell with speede
Like sixe grave citizens, so you must goe ;
The better your speeches the Nobles will heed.

o shall I with scorne, ere Saturday morne,
rove her a harlot, my sisters base borne.

My name is Make-shift, the first man did say ;
nd Francis Light-finger, the second likewise ;
uthbert Creepe-window, the third to display ;
nd Rowland Robman with foule staring eyes ;
acke Shamelesse came then with Harry Steale-hen :
ou are, quoth the young man, some right honest men.

efore the Lords most prudent and grave
his wretch doth with his witnessses come.
The mother complaines, and justice doth crave,
f all the offences that he hath her done.
My Lords, then quoth he, I pray you heare me ;
The law for my deeds my warrant shall be.

Her sorine sayd also, shee's a harlot most vilde,
nd those be her bastards that stond here in place ;
nd that she hath often her body defilde,
y very good witnesse Ile prove to her face.
his thing of thy mother thou oughtest to smother :
is shame for a child to speake ill of his Mother.

ut if this matter be proved untrue,
nd thou a false lyar be found to thy face,
orse than an infidel Pagan, or Jew,
hou ought'st to be punish'd and plagu'd in this case :
nd therefore draw neare, and let us heare
hat says the witness that here doth appeare.

When the first couple did come for to sweare,
They quivered and quaked in most wondrous sort :
The Lords very countenance did put them in feare,
And now they knew not what to report.
The second likewise so star'd with their eyes,
They stammered, and knew not what to devise.

instantly

The Lords perceiving the case how it went,
Did aske the last couple what they had to say,
Who fell on their knees incontinent,
Saying they were hired for money that day :
Quoth they, it is so ; the truth for to show,
Against the good Widdow no harme we doe know.

Thus was the Widdow delivered from blame,
With her three daughters of beauty most bright ;
Her sonne reproached with sorrow and shame,
Having his judgement appointed him right :
For forfeit even all the goods he possest,
To loose both his eares, and banisht so rest.

When he heard his judgement pronounced to be,
The tears full bitterly fell downe from his face ;
To mother and sisters he kneeled on his knee,
Confesing that lucre had brought this disgrace :
That for mine owne gaine I sought to detaine
My sisters' three portions, this lie I did faine.

Therefore, deare mother, forgivenesse I crave
Of you and my sisters, offended so fore ;

The Widow of Watling Street.

79

My body from perill if you will but save,
I swear I will grieve and offend you no more.
The Lords then replide, the law justly tride,
The punishment now thou art like to abide.

Wherefore to prison now thou shalt goe,
Whereas thou shalt the King's pleasure abide,
From thence to be brought with shame and with woe,
To suffer the punishment due for thy pride.

Then out of hand thou shalt understand,
That presently thou shalt be banish'd the land.

Now while in prison this prisoner did rest,
Himselfe he hanged in desperate wise,
Such horrour of conscience possest his breast ;
And, being cast forth, the ravens peckt out his eyes.
All children behold, what truth hath been told :
Accuse no man falsely for lucre of gold.





Cupid's Courtesie: or The Young Gallant foil'd at his own Weapon

To a most pleasant "Northern Tune, &c."

[An early love-ballad, the date of which we cannot pretend to ascertain farther than that there exists a manuscript copy of it, dated 1595, the edition we have used has, as usual, no year added to the imprint, which runs thus:—"London: Printed by and for W. O. for A. M. and sold by the Booksellers." A misprint occurs in the last stanza but four, where "which made *him* tremble" is given, instead of "which made *me* tremble." The second stanza would have afforded the Rev. Mr. Halpin (See Shakespeare Society's Papers, ii. 14.) a very appropriate illustration for his charming essay on the passage "runaway's eyes, &c. in "Romeo and Juliet," A&T iii. Sc. 2.]

THRÓ' the cool shady woods
as I was ranging,
I heard the pretty birds
notes sweetly changing :
Down by a meadow side
there runs a river ;
A little boy I espy'd
with bow and quiver.

Little boy, tell me why
thou art here diving ?

Cupid's Courtesie.

81

Art thou some run-away,
and hast no biding?—

I am no run-away;
Venus, my mother,
She gave me leave to play
when I came hither.

Little boy, go with me,
and be my servant:
I will take care to see
for thy preferment.—
If I with thee should go,
Venus would chide me,
And take away my bow,
and never abide me.

Little boy, let me know
what's thy name termed,
That thou dost wear a bow,
and go'st so armed?—
You may perceive the same
with often changing,
Cupid it is my name;
I live by ranging.

If Cupid be thy name,
that shoots at rovers,
I have heard of thy fame
by wounded lovers.

Cupid's Courteſie.

Should any languish that
are ſet on fire
By ſuch a naked brat,
I much admire.

If thou doſt but the leaſt
at my laws grumble,
I'll pierce thy ſtubborn breast,
and make thee humble :

If I with golden dart
wound thee but ſurely,
There's no phyſitian's art
that e'er can cure thee.

Little boy, with thy bow
why doſt thou threaten ?
It is not long ago
ſince thou was beaten.

Thy wanton mother fair,
Venus, will chide thee :
When all thy arrows are gone,
thou mayſt go hide thee.

Of powerful shafts, you ſee,
I am well ſtored,
Which makes my deity
ſo much adored :
With one poor arrow now
I'll make thee ſhiver,

And bend unto my bow,
and fear my quiver.

Dear little Cupid, be
courteous and kindly ;
I know thou canst not hit,
but shootest blindly.—
Although thou call'st me blind,
surely I'll hit thee,
That thou shalt quickly find ;
I'll not forget thee.

Then little Cupid caught
his bow so nimble,
And shot a fatal shaft
which made him tremble.
Go, tell thy mistress dear
thou can't discover
What all the passions are
of a dying lover.

And now his gallant heart
forely was bleeding,
And felt the greatest smart
from love proceeding :
He did her help implore
whom he affected,
But found that more and more
him she rejected.

Cupid's Courteſie.

For Cupid with his craft
quickly had chosen,
And with a leaden shaft
her heart had frozen ;
Which cauſ'd this lover more
sadly to languish,
And Cupid's aid implore,
to heal his anguish.

He humble pardon crav'd
for his offence past,
And vow'd himself a slave,
and to love stedfast.
His prayers so ardent were,
whilst his heart panted,
That Cupid lent an ear,
and his suit granted.

For by his present plaint
he was regarded,
And his adored saint
his love rewarded.
And now they live in joy
sweetly imbracing,
And left the little boy
in the woods chasing.

FINIS.

My Wife will be my Master.

To the Tune of "A Taylour is no man."

[The full title of this "merry ballad" in the broadside is "My wife will be my Master; or the Married-man's Complaint against his unruly Wife, being a warning for all unmarried persons to have especial care in choosing their Maide, lest they meet with such a Myreype as this poor man did." It has no printer's name nor date, but we may place it after 1600. Several obvious misprints occur, such as *voes* for "sheets" in the second line of the eighth stanza, and *offend her* twice substituted for "distaste her," which the rhyme requires. On this point it is to be observed that "master" was of old pronounced and printed *maister*, and such may have been the case in the original edition of this ballad.]

AS I was walking forth of late,
I heard a man complaining;
With that I drew me near to him,
to know the cause and meaning
Of this his sorrow, pain, and grief,
which bred him such disaster:
Alace! quoth he, what shall I do?
my wife will be my master.

If I should give her fourty pound
within her apron folding,

My Wife will be my Master.

No longer then the telling on't
her tongue leaves never scolding :
As Æsop's dog barkt at the moon,
thinking for to distaste her,
So doth my wife scold without cause,
and strives to be my master.

Were I so strong as Hercules,
or wiser then Apollo,
Or had I Icarus wings to flee,
my wife would after follow ;
Or should I live as many years
as ever did King Nestor,
Yet do I greatly stand in fear
my wife would be my master.

I know no cause nor reason why
that she with me should jangle :
I never gave her cause at all
to make her with me wrangle.
I please her still in what I may,
and do no jot distaste her,
Yet she doth strive, both night and day,
always to be my master.

I every morning make a fire,
all which is done to ease her,
I get a nutmeg, make a tost,
In hope therewith to please her,

My Wife will be my Master.

87

With a cup of nappy ale and spice,
of which she is first taster;
And yet this cross-grain'd quean will scold,
and strive to be my master.

I wash the dishes, sweep the house,
I dress the wholesome dyet;
I humour her in every thing,
because I would be quyet.
Of every several dish of meat
she'l surely be first taster,
And I am glad to pick the bones,
she is so much my master.

Sometimes she'l sit while day be light
in company with good fellowes,
In taverns and in bowfing tents,
or in some pimping ale-houfe;
And when she comes home drunk at night,
though I do not distaste her,
She'l fling, she'l throw, she'l scratch, she'l bite,
and strive to be my master.

Her bed I make both soft and fine,
and put on sheets compleatly;
Her shooes and stockings I pull off,
and lay her down most neatly:
I cover her and keep her warm
for fear I should distaste her;

My Wife will be my Master.

I hug her kindly in my arme,
yet still she'l be my master.

And when I am with her in bed,
she doth not use me well, sir ;
She'l wring my nose and pull my ears,
a pittiful tale to tell, sir ;
And when I am with her in bed,
not meaning to molest her,
She'l kick me out at the bed's feet,
and so become my master.

And thus you hear how cruelly
my wife doth still abuse me,
At bed, at board, at noon, at night,
she alwayes doth misuse me ;
But if I were a lusty man,
and able for to baste her,
Then would I surely use a means,
that she should not be my master.

You batchelours that sweet-hearts have,
when as you are a wooing,
Be sure you look before you leap,
for fear of your undoing :
The after wit is not the best,
and he that weds in haste, sir,
May like to me bewaile his case,
if his wife do prove his master.

My Wife will be my Master.

89

You married men that have good wives,
I pray you set much by them,
For they more precious are then gold,
if once you come to try them :
A good wife makes a husband glad,
then let him not distaste her ;
But a scold will make a man run mad,
if once she prove his master.

FINIS.





The Constancy of True Love.

To the tune of "Downe by a Forrest."

[This ballad is, in the main incidents, the tale of Pyramus and Thisbe told seriously, as in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" it is burlesqued. Dunstan Gale took the same subject, and his poem was printed in 1611, but there is little doubt that this ballad is older, and nearer the date which Gale gives to his dedication, viz. 1596 (see the "Bridgewater Catalogue," p. 125). The word "mused," in the line

"And having mused thus the same,"

is used in the sense Shakespeare employs "moused"—"Well moused lion;" from the Italian *muso*, the mouth or muzzle. The full title of the ballad is, "The Constancy of True Love, or an excellent Relation of the untimely death of Two Faithfull Lovers:" the imprint is "Imprinted at London for Francis Coules, and are to be sould at his shop in the Old-Bayly."]

IN that faire fragrant month of May,
When earth her curtaines doth display,
I did by chance my corps repose
Upon a banke, where woods did close
With greene and leafy bowres about;
A place to shunne the tedious rout
Of Tibs and Toms: for this intent
This flowrie seat I did frequent.

The Constancy of True Love.

91

Nature had strove to shew her feate
In the composure of this seat,
For in a valley plaine was found
This place by hills encircled round.
Both lofty beech and cedars tall
Did shelter this rich silvan hall ;
 Here Satires and the Naiades,
 Here Silvans and the Driades.

Here rurall gods and tripping nymphs
Did bath their corps in the pure lymphs,
And christall streams, which made a noise,
In compassing this place of joyes.
No fairer place nor fountain found
Dian, with golden tresses crown'd,
 And lady-guarded : in this seate
 The whistling wind cool'd summers heat.

Here the nine Muses usde to dance,
Here the kind Graces usde to prance ;
Here Phœbus his warbling harpe did tune
The lifesome monthes of May and June :
Here Philomel tun'd melody ;
Hither the chirping birds did fly,
 Here thrush and blackbird from their throats
 Strain'd divers sundry pleasant notes.

Here the nymph Echo in hollow ground
Did the last syllable resound.

The Constancy of True Love.

What harbour could the world spare
More trim, more neat, more sweet, more rare?
Here, as I fate musing alone,
Me thought I heard one grieve and groane.
Ah me, poore wretch! this creature said,
Whereat my senses grew afraid.

I started, looking here and there,
To view the subject of this feare:
A Lady, object to mine eyes,
I found the effect of all these cryes.
I hasted to enquire the cause,
Which did her weeping eyes amaze:
Behold, quoth she, my love, (alas!)
Whose crimson blood here dyes the grasse.

The sweetest creature here lyeth dead,
That famous Europe ever bred:
I have my wronged lover slaine;
His death shall be the death of twaine.—
I praid her then for to relate
The cause of his untimely fate:
She then, scarce fetching of her breath,
Beginnes the story of his death.

Blinde Cupid, quoth she, with his dart,
In tender yeares did wound his heart,
Made subject to the love of me,
An actor in this tragedie.

His heart and mind, together tried,
His love and mine together ti'ed.

Our parents sought to crosse our will,
But we continued constant still.

Though time the disadvantage gave,
As we no place for love could have,
Yet still we sought to recompence
Love with true love without offence.
We dwelt in neighbouring houses nie ;
And getting conference thereby,
We did appoint under this tree
To meet, but disappointed bee.

When bright Aurora peeped out,
And Phœbus newly look'd about,
I first (according to my vow)
Made haste unto this plighted bough :
Here, as I stayed for my love,
Whose comming over-late did prove,
A lyon with inhumane pawes
Came to that well to coole his jawes.

His mouth was all with blood besmear'd.
This instrument of death I fear'd ;
I fled to hide my selfe for feare,
And left behind my mantle there.
The lyon, having flak'd his thirst,
Ran where I left my garment first ;

The Constancy of True Love.

But when he saw no place for prey,
He foul'd with blood my liverie :

And having musled thus the same,
Thither he went whence first he came ;
But I knew not that hee was gone
And therefore stayd I hid, alone.
In the meane time (Oh griefe !) came hee,
Who promis'd had to meet with mee,
And under this our plighted bough
He sought performance of our vow.

He found not mee, but found my coat
All bloodied by the lyons throat ;
Which when he saw with blood belayd,
My absence made him sore afraid.
What should he think, but that some beast
Upon my carcasse made his feast ?

He thought that the grim lyon's whelpe
Devoured mee, being voyd of helpe.

While hee these events thus did brooke,
The instrument of death he tooke,
A naked fword, which by his side
Ready for combats he had tyed.—
I have, quoth hee, wrought my loves death,
The end of her shall end my breath ;
And thereupon thrust to the hilt
His fword, and thus his blood he spilt.

That the first passenger might know,
The dismal events of this woe,
He wrote and pinn'd a note thereof
Upon his hatt, to shew the proofe ;
Which I, being voyd of feare, at last,
And thinking all the danger past,
Returning from that hideous bed,
Whereto I from the lyon fled,

I found the copie of his death,
And his dead carcasse voyd of breath.
No sobs, no fighes, no griefes, no groanes,
No trickling teares, no mournfull moanes,
No ejaculations, no cries,
No dolefull dittie or elegies,
Shall serve for to bewaile his end,
Which for my love his life did spend.

In life his love did mee pursue,
But by his death he prov'd it true.
If hee, then, for my sake did die,
As much for him why should not I ?
Since death hath us denied our right,
Then friendly death shall us unite ;
And I will follow him in haste,
Who thought he follow'd me being past.

These words assoone as shee had spoke,
She gave her selfe a deadly stroke :

The Constancy of True Love.

Shee drew the sword out of his breast
And in her owne the same shée thrust ;
And as in life their hearts were one,
So are their lives together gone.

In spight of parents, time, and place,
Fond love will runne his wished race.

Thus have you heard a tragedy,
Acted by lovers constancy :
God send such lovers better speed,
Where fervency true love doth breed.





Few Words are best.

To the Tune of "Ile tell you but so."

[A ballad, in its original shape, probably of the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, from what is said about enclosures, recusants, puritans, &c. Two of the stanzas, the sixth and seventh, seem to have a peculiar application to the life of Shakespeare, and to the religious opinions of his father (see the Shakespeare Society's Papers, ii. 115). The droll satire of the writer applies to nearly all callings and classes, and he spares no body. It was printed, like many other broadsides, "by the Affignes of Thomas Symcocke," and, to the title, "Few Words are best," the following distich is added:—

"Come buy this new ballad before you doe goe:
If you raile at the Author, I know what I know."]

T is an old saying
 that few words are best,
And he that says little
 shall live most at rest;

And I by experience
 doe finde it right so,
Therefore Ile spare speech,
 but I know what I know.

Yet you shall perceive well
 though little I say,
That many enormities
 I will display :

Few Words are best.

You may gueffe my meaning
by that which I shew ;
I will not tell all,
but I know what I know.

There be some great climbers
compos'd of ambition,
To whom better-borne men
doe bend with submission.
Proud Lucifer climbing,
was cast very low ;
Ile not stay these men,
but I know what I know.

There be many foxes
that goe on two legges,
They steale greater matters
then cocks, hennes and egges :
To catch many gulls
in sheepe's cloathing they goe ;
They might be destroy'd,
but I know what I know.

There be many men
that devotion pretend,
And make us beleeve
that true faith they'le defend ;
Three times in one day
to church they will goe :

They cozen the world,
but I know what I know.

There be many rich men
both yeomen and gentry,
That for their owne private gaine
hurt a whole countrey,
By closing free commons,
yet they'le make as though
Twere for common good ;
but I know what I know.

There be divers Papists
that, to save their fine,
Come to church once a moneth
to hear service divine.
The Pope gives them power
as they say, to doe so,
They save money by't too,
but I know what I know.

There be many upstarts
that spring from the cart,
Who gotten to the Court
play the gentleman's part :
Their fathers were plaine men,
they scorne to be so ;
They thinke themselves brave,
but I know what I know.

Few Words are best.

There be many officers,
men of great place,
To whom if one sue
for their favour and grace,
He must bribe their servants,
while they make as though
They know no such thing ;
but I know what I know.

There be many women
that seeme very pure,
A kisse from a stranger
they'le hardly endure ;
They are like Lucretia,
modest in shew :
I will accuse none,
but I know what I know.

Likewise there be many
dissembling men,
That seeme to hate drinking
and wenching, yet when
They meet with a wench
to the taverne they'le goe :
They are civill all day,
but I know what I know.

There be many batchelors
that, to beguile

Beleeving kind lasses,
use many a wile :
They all sweare that they love,
when they meane nothing so,
And boast of those trickes ;
but I know what I know.

There's many an usurer
that like a drone
Doth idly live
upon his money's lone :
From tens unto hundreds
his money doth grow ;
He fayes he doth good,
but I know what I know.

There be many gallants
that goe in gay rayment,
For which the taylor
did never receive payment :
They ruffle it out
with a gorgeous show.
Some take them for knights,
but I know what I know.

There be many rovers
that swagger and rore,
As though they in the warres had been
seven yeares and more ;

Few Words are best.

And yet they never lookt
in the face of a foe :
They seeme gallant sparkes,
but I know what I know.

There's many, both women
and men, that appeare
With beautifull outsides,
the world's eyes to bleare ;
But all is not gold
that doth glister in shew :
They are fine with a fox,
but I know what I know.

There's many rich tradesmen
who live by deceit,
And in weight and measure
the poore they doe cheat :
They're not fweare an oath,
but, indeed, I, and no,
They truely protest ;
but I know what I know.

There be many people
so given to strife,
That they're goe to law
for a twopenny knife :
The lawyers nere aske them
why they doe so ;

They get by their hate,
but I know what I know.

I know where be many
will carpe at this ballet,
Because it is like
sowre fawce to their pallet ;
But he, shee, or they,
let me tell ere I goe,
If they speake against this song,
I know what I know.





The Merchant's Daughter of Bristow.

To the Tune of “The Maiden’s Joy.”

[This narrative ballad, which is full of graceful but unadorned simplicity, is mentioned in Fletcher's “Monsieur Thomas,” (Act iii. Sc. 3.) by the name of “Maudlin the Merchant's Daughter.” Two early editions of it are known: one without printer's name, (clearly much older than the other) is that which we have used: we may conclude that it was written considerably before James I. came to the throne. It was last re-printed in 1738, but in that impression it was much modernized and corrupted.]

BEHOLD the touchstone of true love,
Maudlin the Merchant's Daughter of Bristow towne,
Whose firme affection nothing could move;
This favour beares the lovely browne.

A gallant youth was dwelling by,
Which many yeares had borne this lady great good will;
Shee loved him so faithfully,
But all her friends withstood it still.

The young man now, perceiving well
He could not get nor win the favour of her friends,
The force of sorrow to expell
To view strange countreys hee intends.

And now, to take his last farewell
Of his true love, his faire and constant Maudlen,
With musicke sweete that did excell
Hee plaies under her window then.

Farewell (quoth he) mine owne true love,
Farewell, my deare, and chiefest treasure of my heart!
Through fortune's spight, that false did prove,
Am inforc'd from thee to part,

into the land of Italy:
There wil I waile, and weary out my dayes in wo;
Seeing my true love is kept from mee,
Hold my life a mortal fo.

Faire Bristow towne, therefore, adieu,
Or Padua shall bee my habitation now;
Although my love doth lodge in thee,
To whom alone my heart I vow.

With trickling teares this hee did sing,
With fighs and sobs descending from his heart full sore:
Hee said, when he his hands did wring,
Farewell, sweet love, for evermore!

Fair Maudlin, from a window high
Beholding her true love with musicke where hee stood,
But not a word she durst reply,
Feareing her parents angry mood.

The Merchant's Daughter.

In teares she spent this dolefull night,
Wishing (though naked) with her faithfull friend :
She blames her friends, and fortune's spight,
That wrought their loves such lucklesse end.

And in her heart shee made a vow
Cleane to forsake her country and her kinsfolkes all,
And for to follow her true love,
To bide all chance that might befall.

The night is gone, and the day is come,
And in the morning very early shee did rise :
She gets her downe in a lower roome,
Where sundrie seamen she espies.

A gallant master amongst them all,
(The master of a faire and goodlie ship was he)
Who there stood waiting in the hall,
To speake with her father, if it might be.

She kindly takes him by the hand,
Good sir (said shee) would you speake with any heere?
Quoth he, faire maid, therefore I stand :
Then, gentle Sir, I pray you draw neere.

Into a pleasant parlour by,
With hand in hand she brings the seaman all alone ;
Sighing to him most piteously,
She thus to him did make her moane.

Shee falls upon her tender knee :
Good sir (she said) now pittie you a woman's woe,
And prove a faithfull friend to me,
That I my grieve to you may shew.

Sith you repose your trust, he said,
To me that am unknowne, and eke a stranger heere,
Be you assur'd, most proper maid,
Most faithfull still I will appeare.

I have a brother, then, quoth shee,
Whom as my life I love and favour tenderlie :
In Padua, alas ! is he,
Full sicke, God wot, and like to die.

And faine I would my brother see,
But that my father will not yeeld to let me goe ;
Wherfore, good sir, be good to mee,
And unto me this favour shew.

Some ship-boye's garment bring to mee,
That I disguis'd may goe away from hence unknowne ;
And unto sea Ile goe with thee,
If thus much favour may be showne.

Faire maid (quoth he) take heere my hand :
I will fulfill each thing that you desire,
And set you safe in that same land,
And in that place that you require.

The Merchant's Daughter.

She gave him then a tender kisse,
And faith, your servant, gallant master, will I be,
And prove your faithfull friend for this,
Sweet master, then, forget not me.

This done, as they had both decreed,
Soone after (early) before the breake of day,
He brings her garments then with speed,
Wherin she doth her selfe array:

And ere her father did arise,
Shee meets her master as he walkes in the hall :
Shee did attend on him likewise,
Even till her father did him call.

But ere the Merchant made an end
Of all the matters to the master he could say,
His wife came weeping in with speed,
Saying, our daughter is gone away!

The Merchant, thus amaz'd in mind,
Yonder vile wretch intic'd away my child, quoth he ;
But, well I wot, I shall him find
At Padua, in Italy.

With that bespake the master brave :
Worshipfull master, thither goes this pretty youth,
And any thing that you would have,
He will performe it, and write the truth.

Sweet youth (quoth hee) if it be so,
Beare me a letter to the English marchants there,
And gold on thee I will bestow :
My daughter's welfare I do feare.

Her mother takes her by the hand ;
Faire youth (qd she) if there thou dost my daughter see,
Let me thereof soone understand,
And there is twenty crownes for thee.

Thus, through the daughter's strange disguise,
The mother knew not when shee spake unto her child ;
And after her master straightway shee hies,
Taking her leave with countenance milde.

Thus to the sea faire Maudlin is gone
With her gentle master : God send them a merry wind ;
Where wee a while must let them alone,
Till you the second part doe find.

FINIS PART I.

THE SECOND PART.

To the same Tune.

WELCOME, sweete Maudlin, from the sea,
Where bitter stormes and tempests doe arise:
The plesant bankes of Italy
Wee may behold with mortal eyes.

Thankes, gentle master, then quoth shee :
A faithfull friend in sorrow hast thou beene ;
If fortune once doth smile on mee,
My thankfull heart shall well bee seene.

Blest be the land that feedes my love !
Blest be the place where as his person doth abide !
No triall will I sticke to prove,
Wherby my true love may be tride.

Nowe will I walke with joyful heart,
To viewe the towne where as my darlinge doth remaine,
And seeke him out in every part,
Untill I doe his sight attaine.

And I, quoth he, will not forsake
Sweete Maudlin in her sorrow up and downe :
In wealth and woe thy part Ile take,
And bring thee safe to Padua towne.

The Merchant's Daughter.

III

And after many wearie steps
In Padua they safely doe arrive at last :
For very joy her heart it leapes ;
She thinkes not of her sorrowes past.

Condemned to dye hee was, alas !
Except he would from his religion turne ;
But rather then hee would to masse,
In fiery flames he vow'd to burne.

Now doth Maudlin weepe and waile :
Her joy is chang'd to weeping, sorrow, griefe and care ;
But nothing could her plaints prevaile,
For death alone must be his share.

Shee walkes under the prifon walls,
Where her true love doth lye and languish in distresse ;
Most wofully for foode he calls,
When hunger did his heart opprefse.

He sighs and sobs and makes great moane :
Farewell, hee said, sweete England, now for evermore,
And all my friends that have me knowne
In Bristow towne with wealth and store.

But most of all farewell, quoth hee,
My owne true love, sweet Maudlin, whom I left behind ;
For never more shall I see thee.
Woe to thy father most unkind !

The Merchant's Daughter.

How well were I, if thou wert here,
With thy faire hands to close these wrētched eyes :
My torments easie would appeare ;
My soule with joy shall scale the skies.

When Maudlin heard her lover's moane,
Her eyes with teares, her heart with sorrow filled was :
To speake with him no meanes is knowne,
Such grievous doome on him did passe.

Then shee cast off her lad's attire ;
A maiden's weede upon her back she seemely set :
To the judge's house shee did enquire,
And there shee did a service get.

Shee did her duty there so well,
And eke so prudently she did her selfe behave,
With her in love her master fell ;
His servant's favour hee doth crave.

Maudlin, quoth hee, my heart's delight,
To whom my heart is in affection tied,
Breed not my death through thy despight ;
A faithfull friend I will be tryed.

Grant me thy love, faire maid, quoth hee,
And at my hands require what thou canſt devise,
And I will grant it unto thee,
Wherby thy credit may arise.

I have a brother, sir, shee said,
For his religion is now condemned to dye :
In loathsome prison hee is layd,
Opprest with griefe and misery.

Grant me my brother's life, shee said,
And to you my love and liking I will give.
That may not be, quoth hee, faire maid ;
Except he turne, he cannot live.

An English Frier there is, shee said,
Of learning great and passing pure of life,
Let him to my brother be sent,
And he will finish soone the strife.

Her master hearing this request,
The marriner in frier's weed she did array,
And to her love, that lay distrest,
Shee did a letter straight convey.

When hee had read these gentle lines,
His heart was ravished with sudden joy ;
Where now shee was full well hee knew :
The frier likewise was not coy ;

But did declare to him at large
The enterprise for him his love had taken in hand.
The young man did the frier charge,
His love should straight depart the land.

The Merchant's Daughter.

Here is no place for her, hee said,
But woefull death and danger of her harmlesse life :
Professing truth I was betraid,
And fearfull flames must end my strife.

For, ere I will my faith deny,
And sweene my selfe to follow damned Antichrist,
Ile yeeld my body for to die,
To live in heaven with the highest.

O sir ! the gentle frier said,
For your sweet love recant, and save your wished life.
A wofull match, quoth hee, is made
Where Christ is lost to win a wife.

When she had wrought all meanes that might
To save her friend, and that she saw it would not bee,
Then of the judge shee claimed her right,
To die the death as well as hee.

When no perswasion could prevaile,
Nor change her mind in any thing that shee had said,
She was with him condemned to die,
And for them both one fire was made.

And arme in arme most joyfully
These lovers twaine unto the fire they did goe :
The marriner most faithfully
Was likewise partner of their woe.

But when the judges understood
The faithfull friendship did in them remaine,
They saved their lives; and afterward
To England sent them home againe.

Now was their sorrow turned to joy,
And faithfull lovers had now their heart's desire :
Their paines so well they did employ,
God granted that they did require.

And when they were to England come,
And in merry Bristow arrived at the last,
Great joy there was to all and some
That heard the dangers they had past.

Her gentle master shee desired
To be her father, and at the church to give her then :
It was fulfilled as shee required,
Unto the joy of all good men.





My pretty little one.

To a pleasant new Tune.

[We may perhaps carry this ballad back to the reign of Henry VIII. the score of a song of that date, called "My little pretty one," being known (Chappell's Nat. Engl. Airs, ii. 167). It is indisputably very old, although in the only impression that has come down to us—"London, Printed for W. Thackaray, T. Passenger, and W. Whitwood"—it has been modernized and obviously misprinted. The full title consists of the burden "Come turn to me, thou pretty little one, and I will turn to thee."]


 WEET, if thou wilt be
 As I am to thee,
 Then, by Cupid's mother
 I have vow'd to have
 none other she.

Then turn to me, thou pretty little one,
 and I will turn to thee.

Those bright eyes of thine,
 Which do dazzle mine,
 Like the stars of heaven,
 Which do keep their even
 course and shine :
 Then let us in conjunction meet,
 and both our loves combine.

If that lovely face
 Will to mine give place,

That with love's devotion,
We may use the motion
of imbrace,
Then sit thee down, my pretty little one,
and let us love a space.

What hurt is this
For to take a kisse ?
If it may be granted,
I that long have wanted
such a blisse,
Then be not sparing of a few,
whereas such plenty is.

If thy breasts do pant
For the milk they want,
Every hill and mountain
To supply each fountain
be not scant :
Then give to me thy lilly white hand,
and I thee mine will grant.

If so be that I
May but thee come nigh,
The vine and elm shall never
Joyn more close together,
then will I :
Then shew thy fruits, my amorous joy,
and Ile with love supply.

My pretty little one.

If that thou dost crave
Silks and garments brave,
Or what rich attyre
Could thy heart desire
to receive,
Declare to me, thou pretty little one ;
thou canst but ask and have.

Sweet-heart, for thy sake
I will never make
Choice of any other ;
Then, by Cupid's mother,
freely speak.
Its at thy choice, my dearest love,
either to leave or take.

I thy mary gold,
Wrapt in many fold,
Like the golden clyent
To the sun suppliant,
shew its gold :
Display thy beams, my glorious sun,
and Ile to thee unfold.

Those bright locks of hair,
Spreading o'er each ear,
Every crisp and curle
Far more rich then pearl
doth appear :

Then, be thou constant in thy love,
and I will be thy dear.

Till I have possest
Thee, whom I love best,
I have vow'd for ever,
In thy absence never
to take rest.

Deny me not, thou pretty little one,
in whom my hopes are blest.

If a kiffe or two
Can thee a favour do,
Were it more then twenty,
Love's indu'd with plenty
lovers know :
For thy sweet sake a thousand take,
for that's the way to woe.

It doth grieve my heart
From thee for to part ;
It is to me more pleasant
Ever to be present
where thou art :
Yet in the absence of a friend
my love shall never start.

As to me thou art kind,
Duty shall mee bind

My pretty little one.

Ever to obey thee ;
Reason so doth sway me
to thy mind :
Thou hast my heart where e're thou art,
although I stay behind.

In thy bed or bark
I will be thy mark :
Couples yet more loving
Never had their moving
from the Ark.

Welcome to mee, my only joy,
all times, be it light or dark !





The Devil driven away by Women.

To the Tune of "Death's Dance."

[The tune to which the ensuing comic ballad was sung, is stated on the broadside to be "Death's Dance," but it must have been a different Dance of Death to that which stands first in our volume, as both would not run to the same air. We may conclude, therefore, that it was "Death's Dance" which also went by the name of "The Shaking of the Sheet," and was popular in 1560, if not earlier. (Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, ii. 474.) The somewhat peculiar title of the old copy is this:—

"An excellent new Ditty, or

Which proveth that women the best warriers be,
For they made the Devill from earth for to flee."

It was "Printed at London, for H. G." i. e. Henry Goffon, who published so many productions for the amusement of the multitude.]



LD Beelzebub merry
disposed to be,
To earth he did hurry,
some pastime to see :
A landlord he proved,
and leafes would let
To all them that loved
a long life to get.

The Devil driven

Come hither, all mortalls,
quoth the Devill of hell,
Come longtailes and curtailes
now unto my cell :
To you I here proffer
a bargaine to buy ;
If you'l take my offer,
you never shall dye.

This bargaine them pleased,
they long'd it to gaine ;
The sicke and diseased
came thither amaine ;
And though they were crafie,
they thither could flye,
The sluggard and lazy
this bargaine would buy.

The gallants and gentry,
his love to embrace,
From city and country
flockt hither apace :
Long life they desired
with much jollity ;
Their hearts they were fired
this bargaine to buy.

The dames of the city
came hither with speed ;
Your merchant wives pretty

would feale to this deed,
To live with a lover
and never to dye :
Here curtesans hover
this bargaine to buy.

No females there wanted,
but hither they came ;
They came till they panted,
to purchase the same :
Wives, widdowes, and maidens
to the Devill did hye ;
Brave lasses and ladies
this bargaine would buy.

The lecher, which viewed
such pretty ones there,
His love was renewed,
and hee'd have a share ;
And here he sojourned,
'cause never hee'd dye :
His heart it was burned
this bargaine to buy.

Now wicked sonnes came in,
that had their meanes spent
In dicing and gaming,
to this office went :
Apace they here gather,
because they'd not dye,

The Devil driven

But to outlive their father
this bargaine they'd buy.

Next comes the shoomaker
to crave a long life,
Here to be partaker
he brought his fine wife.
The taylor attends here ;
for money they cry,
And follow the spender
this bargaine to buy.

The usurers follow
that pawnes have in hand ;
With whoop and with hollow
they call for the land,
Which spend-thrifts pawne to them,
while for cash they hye :
To live to undoe them
this bargaine they'll buy.

Next came these rich farmers
that coozin the poore,
And hoord up in corners
provision and store ;
To live till a deare yeere,
and never to dye,
These greedy corn-mizers
this bargaine would buy.

Now brokers came hither,
that in their hands had
Pawnes heaped together,
both good ones and bad :
To live till they view them
all forfeited lye,
To the Devill they sue them
this bargaine to buy

This purchase contented
the Devill of hell,
To see such flockes enter
all into his cell ;
Yet still he proclaimed
they never should dye,
Who ere it was aimed
this bargaine to buy.

Next came the poore women
that cry fish and oysters ;
They flocke here in common,
and many great clusters :
They ran hither scolding
and to the Devill cry,
Sir, wee'd be beholding
this bargaine to buy.

But when these came hither
they kept such a noise,
Each brabled with other

The Devil driven away.

which first should have choise,
As that their noyse frightened
the Devill of hell :
No more he delighted
such bargaines to sell.

Quoth he, I must from them,
for should I stay here,
In pieces among them
my body they'l teare :
Quoth he, I am willing
to deale among men,
But nere will have dealing
'mongst women agen.





The Lamentation of Englande.

To the Tune of "Weepe, weepe."

[It is impossible now to ascertain whom the initials W. M. at the end of this historical ballad represent: he wrote it in 1584, and two years afterwards Thomas Deloney penned an effusion of precisely the same character, and to the same tune, upon the execution of Ballard Babbington, &c. (See "Old Ballads" printed for the Percy Society in 1840, p. 101.) This "Lamentation" on the execution of Throgmorton contains some particulars connected with his death that are not given by our Chroniclers, and the mention of the execution of Arden, a relation of Shakespeare by his mother's side, is interesting. The title of the ballad in the old black-letter copy runs thus: "The Lamentation of Englande for the late Treasons conspired against the Queene's Majestie, and the whole Realme, by Francis Throgmorton, who was executed for the same at Tyborne on Friday, being the tenth day of July last past, 1584." After the notice of the tune to which it was to be sung come the following lines, as the burden at the end of every stanza,

" Pray, pray, and praise the Lord, whose wondrous works are seene,
That brought to light the secret snare laid lately for our Queene."

It was "Imprinted at London by Richard Jhones."]

WITH brinisse teares and sobbing sighes,
I, Englande, pine in paine,
To see and heare such secret sectes
among my people raine:
Now being in my golden prime,
where nectar sweete doth flowe,

The Lamentation of Englande.

And where the sacred worde is taught,
eche Christian's joye to shewe.

And where the Lord of Lords hath set
his handmaide pure and cleene,
Annoynting her my rightfull Prince,
to reigne a royall Queene ;
Indued with wisedome from above,
and storde with knowledge great,
That flying fame throughout the world
her praises doth repeate.

Who to the sacred worde doth stande
with zeale and godly minde,
Maintaining truth, embracing faith,
and to eche subject kinde.

Alas ! why then, my people deare,
what is the cause you fwerve
Against the Lord's annoynted so,
your owne selfe willes to serve ?

Have you not peace and plentie both,
which other realmes do want ?

Have you not worldly pleasures store,
whereof there is no skant ?

Have I not not fostered you with foode,
which Nature bringeth foorth ?

Have I not fed you dayntily,
with milke and hony both ?

And have not I a carefull Prince,
the prop of all your stay,
Which loveth me, which cares for you,
and prayes for us eche day?
What is the cause such mischeifes, then,
among you doe remaine?
Truely, the fulnes of the flesh,
which you so much obtaine.

It makes me weepe with trickling teares,
and wring my hands full colde,
To heare, to see, and thinke upon,
the dangers manyfolde,
My loving Prince and Queene is in
by means of Satan's crew,
Which often doth conspire the death
Of her, my lover true.

How many mischeefes are devised?
how many wayes are wrought?
How many vilde conspiracies
against her Grace are sought?
Yet God, that rules in heaven above,
lookes downe on earth belowe,
Who dauntes them in their wickednesse,
and doth his power shewe.
For when his highnes doth perceive
that dangers are at hande,

The Lamentation of Englande.

Then doth he shewe by secret meanes
 those perils to withstande ;
 And will not let his chosen flocke
 to perishe on the earth,
 But doth her secret foes confounde
 by meanes of shamefull death.

intend

As late was seene by Arden he,
 and Sommerville also,
 Who did pretend to kill my Queene,
 and worke her subjects woe :
 But God who doth her still defende,
 her Grace he did preserve,
 And wrought a shame unto them selves,
 as they did best deserve.

Throgmorton lately did conspire
 to overthrowe the State,
 That strangers might invade the realme
 upon an evening late,
 And lande in places where he knewe
 the realme was someting weake,
 The secret of which thing he did
 to forraigne Princes breake.

His dealing with the Queen of Scottes,
 by letters to and fro,
 Informing her and other States
 of all that he did knowe ;

The Lamentation of Englande.

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What freends in England they should find,
What power they should bring,
Our Queene thereby for to displace ;
this was a wofull thing.

He sought to dispossesse my Queene
Of dignitie and crowne,
And place a stranger in her state,
thereby to tread her downe :
Ireland and Scotland, by advise,
the enemie should invade,
Then into England bring a power,
as he the plat had made.

These were the treasons which he wrought,
my good Queene to displace,
To spoyle the state of all this realme,
Such was his want of grace :
But God, who doth protect me still,
offended at the same,
Even in his yong and tender yeares,
did cut him off with shame.

O, thou Throgmorton, wicked wight !
why didst thou this devise ?
Why did the feare of God and Prince
depart so from thine eyes ?
No rebelles power shall her displace,
God will defende her still ;

The Lamentation of Englande.

Her subjectes all will loose their lives,
ere traytors have their will.

And though he florisht for a space,
in seeking his intent,
When to the pit's brinke that he came,
God did his worke prevent ;
And did preserve, in spight of him,
his chosen vessell pure,
That she might florish still in peace,
my comfort to procure.

When as the servants of the Lorde,
I meane the children three,
Were put into the fierie oven,
destroyed for to bee,
Then fierie flames did them no harme,
they sung and prayed with joye,
And those which stood to worke their woe,
the sparkles did destroye.

And when the children of the Lord
King Pharao did pursue,
To drowne them in the foming floods,
God was a captaine true :
The waves like walles stood on eche side,
and they free passadge founde,
And Pharao with his mightie hoste
came after, and was drounde.

Even so the Lord, by his great might,
my comfort doth maintaine,
In keeping and preserving still
my Prince from traitors traine :
And did preserve her from the harmes
Throgmorton did pretende,
Who even at Tyborne for the same
did make a shamefull ende.

And though such impes do worke her spite
ten thousande kinde of waies,
Yea, though the devill himselfe do fite,
to spoyle her golden daies,
Yet if the Lorde defende my wrong,
their courage soone shall quaile :
So long as God stands on her side,
no power shall prevaile.

Therefore, my loving people deare,
graunt England her request,
Pray to the Lord, him serve with feare,
and traitors hearts detest :
Embrace the truth, lay holde on faith,
walke in the path of peace,
Obey your Prince, fight in her cause,
and England's wealth encrease.
And with new warning take new hearts,
olde venomed minds detest ;

The Lamentation of Englande.

Eschue all sinne, encrease good works,
that you in peace may rest.
From all olde customes that are evill,
put on the new man Christ,
And newly change your former lives,
and learne to please the highest.

W. M.

FINIS.





Be merry, Friends.

To be sung to a new Tune.

[This, in its original state, is a ballad of the time of Henry the VIII. Edward VI. or Mary, for its author, John Heywood, wrote in those reigns, and it exists in a manuscript of about that time formerly in the library of Mr. Bright. Our copy is evidently in many places a clever modernization, and it was "Printed for Thomas Millington in Cornhill" soon after the year 1600. In Mr. Bright's manuscript some of the stanzas are incomplete, but in the broadside the deficiencies were supplied, either from a better copy or by conjecture. It appears from a MS. in the possession of Lord Francis Egerton that John Heywood was still living in 1576, and that he was a native of Kent.]

BE merry, friends, and take no thought;
For worldly cares now care ye nought,
For who so doth, when all is sought,
Shall find that thought availeth not.

Be merry, friends !

And such as have all wealth at will,
Their wills and pleasures to fulfill,
Need never grudge at any ill,
Nor need I sing this song untill.

Be merry, friends !

Be merry, Friends.

But unto such as wish and want,
 Whose worldly wealth is very scant,
 No wealth to spend, no land to plant,
 To them it is I chiefly chant

Be merry, friends !

To such as have had grief annexed
 Unto their lives, extremely vexed,
 In worldly storms tost, and perplexed,
 To them I sing this short sweet text,

Be merry, friends !

To laugh and winne each man agrees,
 But each man cannot laugh and leese ;
 Yet laughing in the last of these
 Hath been allowd in all degrees.

Be merry, friends !

Be merry in sorrow, the wise have saide,
 Which saying, being wisely waide,
 It seems a lesson truly made
 For those whom sorrows still invade.

Be merry, friends !

Make not two sorrowes out of one,
 For one is sure enough alone ;
 To graft new sorrow there upon
 Is grafting crab with crab, ne're done.

Be merry, friends !

To take our sorrows mournfully
Augmenteth but our malady ;
But taking sorrows merrily
Maketh them smaller, verily.

Be merry, friends !

Of griefes to come stand not in fray,
But make defence, the best you may ;
Which done, no more to do or say,
Come what come shall, but care away.

Be merry, friends !

If sorrowes come we can not flee,
But needs they must indured bee,
Make vertue of necessitie,
And bear thy selfe right manfullie.

Be merry, friends !

Be ever joyous, lose or winne,
So be no fault of thine therein ;
Do not be first for to beginne :
The only grief is truly finne.

Be merry, friends !

If friends be lost, then get thee more ;
If wealth be lost, thou still hast store ;
The merry man is never poor,
He lives upon the world : therefore,

Be merry, friends !

Be merry, Friends.

The losf of wealth is losf of dirt,
 As sages in all times assert:
 The happy man's without a shirt,
 And never comes to maim or hurt.

Be merry, friends !

All seafons are to him the spring,
 In flowers bright and florishing,
 With birds upon the tree or wing,
 Who in their fashion alway sing

Be merry, friends !

If that thy doublet has a hole in,
 Why, it can keep the less thy soule in,
 Which rangeth foorth beyond controulling,
 Whilst thou hast nought to do, but trolling

Be merry, friends !

Be merry in God, St. Paule saith plaine :
 Be merry in God, I say again,
 And let not his advice be vain ;
 Or if thou wilt, thou cannot complain.

Be merry, friends !

Let the world slide, let the world go :
 A fig for care, and a fig for woe !
 If I cant pay, why, I can owe ;
 And death makes equall the high and low.

Be merry, friends !

JOHN HEYWOOD.



Epitaph on Bishop Jewell.

[This broadside is in the form of a ballad, and it was the composition of one of the most notorious authors of such pieces: it relates, also, to an individual of the highest eminence in the Church, and until now it has never been re-printed from the old copy, nor mentioned in any list of Elderton's productions. These are the reasons which have led to its insertion here: the full title of the unique broadside is, "An Epitaph upon the Death of the Right Reverend and learned Father in God, I. Juell, Doctor of Divinitie, and Bishop of Sarisbury, whom God called to his marcie the 22 of September, 1571." Anthony Wood (Ath. Oxon. i. 395. edit. Blis) gives the day of Jewell's death 23 Sept. The colophon runs thus: "Imprynted at London in Fleete-streate, beneath the Conduit at the signe of S. John Evangelist by Thomas Colwell."]

THE Juell of our joye is gone!
the happie heavens have wonne
The greatest gift that ever was
with us beneth the sonne:

Which makes such weeping eyes
in Sallesbury, they faye,
As all the ronning streames thereof,
can never washe awaye.

Alas! is Juell dead,
the folder of the flocke?
If Death hath caught the diall up,
then who shall keepe the clocke?

Epitaph on Bishop Jewell.

O God! what greefe is this,
 thye charie Church should want
 A Bishoppe of so good a grace,
 wher good men be so skant.

Wee feare the plague, they saye,
 but such a plague as this,
 Sithens I was borne I never knewe,
 nor never shall i'wis :

Yet are there some behinde,
 I trust, will learne to knowe,
 How Juell to his dieng daye
 his talents did bestowe.

So busie at his booke,
 to bring the truth to light,
 As they that lyke the redie way,
 maye looke and finde it right.

His houfe and housholde was
 so kept, for his degree,
 As Paull in his Epistles wrightes
 a Bishoppes house should be.

His dioceſſe, I beleeve,
 he kept in so good awe,
 As vertue is content to fweare,
 they lived within her lawe.

certainly

His handes and harte were free,
the needie could not lacke ;
Such peace and concorde planted hee,
as nothing went to wracke.

And charie went to churche
himselfe by breake of daye,
That his example might procure
the rest to go that waye :

And gave unto his men
their dueties when he died,
With large and lordlie recompence :
this can not be denied.

debts

Alas ! with piteous mone
all Christians now maye weepe,
That wee have such a shepard gone :
God helpe the selie sheepe !

Methinkes, I see in heaven
triumphant Truth appeare,
And Faythfulnes, which speake alowde,
Let Juell nowe come neare.

Th' Appostelles all do prease,
methinkes, to see his face ;
And all the angells go about
to bring him to his place :

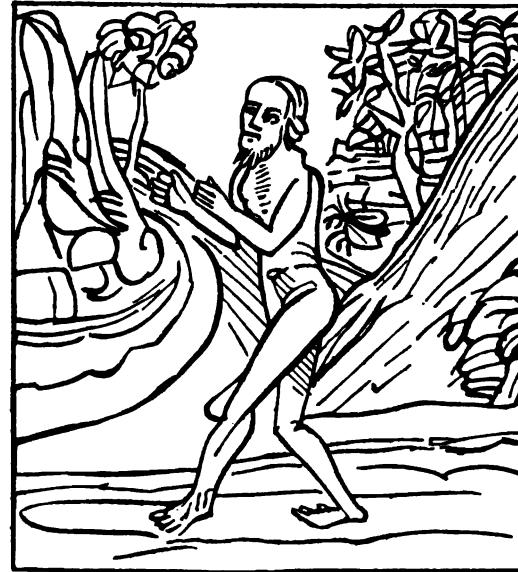
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Epitaph on Bishop Jewell.

Even Christ himselfe, me thinkes,
I see begins to smile,
And faith, Beholde my chosen frend,
I lookte for all this while.

And Abraham rendes his clothes,
and bowells out his brest,
And sayth to Juell, Jumpe in here,
and take thye quiet rest.

W. ELDERTON.





The Father's Admonition.

To the Tune of "Grim King of the Ghosts."

[This ballad is not of a very early date, although it is impossible to settle that date with any degree of accuracy. It was written to the tune of a song in Percy's Reliques, ii. 395. (Edit. 1812.) there printed under the title of "The Lunatic Lover," beginning

"Grim king of ghosts, make haste."

The air long continued popular, and Rowe wrote to it his famous song, "Despairing beside a clear stream," &c. The ballad here given is from a copy "Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Back," which must have been a comparatively modern re-print, issued late in the seventeenth century, with the following title: "The Father's wholesome Admonition, or a lumping Pennyworth of good Counsel for bad Husbands."]

MY son, if you reckon to wed,
and take your self to a kind wife,
Then, then, let it never be said,
but that you'll reform your old life:
There's many good pounds you have spent,
the which you had reason to prize;
But labour in time to repent:
'tis good to be merry and wise.

The Father's Admonition.

Be sure keep a penny in store,
'twill help you when friends they may fail,
For should you spend all, and grow poor,
your case you'll have cause to bewail :
In troubles you'll strangely be hurl'd,
the which will your senses surprise ;
But he that will thrive in this world
must learn to be merry and wise.

Perchance you may meet with a friend,
which doth to your dealings belong,
If with him a tester you spend,
this can do you no great wrong ;
And then to your labour again,
it being enough to suffice.
This care will your household maintain :
'tis good to be merry and wise.

There's many a woman well bred
has marry'd a prodigal knave,
So that, the same day she was wed,
'twere better she had gone to her grave :
Her lands and her livings all sold,
which caus'd tears to flow from her eyes ;
And likewise true friendship grew cold :
then, 'tis good to be merry and wise.

Son, if a rich wife be thy lot,
be careful and thrifty, I pray,

For means is not easily got,
as it may be squander'd away.
Be carefull, and always contrive
those temporall blessings to prize,
For he that is willing to thrive
must learn to be merry and wise.

There's some that are absolute poor,
as well I can make it appear,
Who will in strong liquor spend more
than some that have hundreds a year ;
And bring their poor families low,
and can't get wherewith to suffice :
But that man would never do so,
who learns to be merry and wise.

The workman that is a boon lad,
you'll find his condition is thus ;
If trading should chance to grow bad,
he scarce has a groat in his purse :
While he that doth get, spend, and save,
has always enough to suffice.
Then, son, if this blessing you'd have,
pray learn to be merry and wise.

This counsel which to you I give,
oh ! prize it more dearer than gold,
And then you in credit may live,
and save something while you grow old:

The Father's Admonition.

There's many have dearly bought wit,
when fathers' good words they despise.

My son, ne'er spend all that you get,
but learn to be merry and wise.

Great getters, that spend all, are like
the cow that gives much at a meal,
Who, having done, straightway doth strike,
and kick it all down with her heel.

Act like the industrious bee,
and then you to riches may rise ;
And flourishing days you will see,
if you'll but be merry and wise.





The Praise of Nothing.

To the Tune of “Though I have but a marke a yeare, &c.”

[In 1585, Sir Edward Dyer printed a brief prose tract called “The Praye of Nothing.” The following clever ballad seems a versified imitation of it, and being intended for the amusement of the crowd, treats some of the topics popularly, which Sir Edward Dyer had dealt with learnedly. It will call to mind in several places the poem long afterwards attributed to the Earl of Rochester, who, however, seems to have borrowed more closely from the *Capitolo* of Francesco Copetta, *nel quale si lodano le Noncovelie*, published as early as 1548. To the general title of the ballad, “The praise of Nothing,” are added the following lines :

“ Though some do wonder why I write the praise
 Of Nothing in these lamentable daies,
 When they have read, and will my counsell take,
 I hope of Nothing they will Something make ! ”

From the expression “in these lamentable days,” we are perhaps to infer that the plague, as it was called, was prevailing in London when the ballad was composed. Our text has the imprint of “H. Gofson, dwelling upon London-Bridge, nere the Gate.” Had not the ballad been written before the date of Shakespeare’s comedy, it would, perhaps, have been called “Much ado about Nothing.”]

THE praise of wisdom some doe write,
 and some the praise of money,
 And every one, like bees to th’ hive,
 from something gather hony :

The Praise of Nothing.

But if my genius doe not faile
To prompt me, ere I end my tale
You'll find that Nothing will prevaile;
for all must turne to Nothing.

Nothing was first and shall be last,
for Nothing holds for ever ;
And Nothing ever yet scap't death,
so can't the longest liver :
Nothing's immortall ; Nothing can
From crosses ever keepe a man :
Nothing can live when the world is gone,
for all shall come to Nothing.

Nothing in all the world be finde
with sorrow more perplexed,
Than he that with a scolding wife
eternally is vexed,
Whose tongue by Nothing can be quel'd,
Although with red hot pincers held,
For she will to no reason yeeld,
but scold and brawle for Nothing.

Nothing is swifter then the winde,
or lighter than a feather,
Yet I another thing have found,
which quite excelleth either :
A harlot's love that every day
Is chang'd and swiftly blowne away;

But what's more light then her, I pray?
the wifeman answeres, Nothing.

Nothing shall therefore please me more
than women to abandon;
For if that I should fall in love
or joyne with such a wanton,
Shee'd breake my very heart-strings sure,
Or I must Vulcan's lot endure,
And patiently abide the cure,
or else be help'd by Nothing.

Take you heed, then, unmarried lads,
before you grow a lover,
And ere too soone you chuse a wife
with honest patience prove her;
For Nothing can againe unwed,
Nor cure a cuckold's aking head;
Besides, once lost, a maiden-head
can be recal'd by Nothing.

In heat of war Nothing is safe;
in peace Nothing respected,
But ill got wealth, which to procure
no vice at all's neglected.

The sonne doth wish his father's end,
That he may have his wealth to spend;
But let such lads their manners mend,
or all will come to Nothing.

The Praife of Nothing.

Nothing is safe by sea or land,
nor alwaies free from danger,
Which is committed to the trust
of either friend or stranger;
For Nothing in the world remaines,
But for their private ends or gaines
They'l hav't, although they break their brains,
or bring themselves to Nothing.

Nothing's regarded more then gold,
but vertue's quite decay'd ;
For gold the usurer sets his soule,
which must at last be paid,
When Nothing from the grave can call
Such mizers, who their soules inthrall
To gripe and hoord the devill and all ;
but better they had Nothing.

Nothing can from the sight of God
conceale the faults of any,
For his cleare eye can search into
the smalleſt chinke or cranny:
He can within thy heart espy
The ſecret'ſt finnes which there doe lye,
But if you to repentance hie,
they ſhall appeare as Nothing.

Nothing therefore hereafter ſeeke,
but vertue, vice detefting,

With purest robes of sanctity
your humble soule investing ;
And seeke you after no such thing
Which may your soule to sorrow bring,
Or while thou liv'st thy conscience sting,
or else desire Nothing.

For though but little thou art worth,
yet Nothing doft desire,
Nor covetest thy neighbour's goods,
nor 'bove thy felfe aspire,
But restest honestly content
With that poore little God hath sent,
Thou mayſt disperſe in merriment,
and fay thou wants for Nothing.

When earth-wormes spend their dayes in care,
and nere can rest in quiet,
Nor with the feare to lose their gold
have time to sleepe or dyet ;
But with a ſad and penſive minde
Still ſtudying how the poore to grinde,
Untill at laſt with ſorrow finde
themselves are turn'd to Nothing.

And thus you now have heard the praise
of Nothing, worth a penny,
Which as I ſtand to ſing here now
I hope will yeeld me many :

The Praise of Nothing.

But if that price be held too deare,
Or any mislike this counsell here,
He may depart with a flea in's eare,
for I will give him Nothing.

FINIS.

*Lanthorne and a whole Candell
ight, hange out your lights heare*





The Norfolk Farmer's Journey to London.

To the Tune of “The Spanish Pavin.”

[The name of Edward Ford is new in our ballad-poetry, though not in our literature, as he was known as a writer in the reign of James I: possibly he was related to John Ford the dramatist. He has left us an amusing picture of manners in the ensuing satirical effusion, in which he supposes an old Norfolk farmer and his wife to come to town to visit relations, who receive them very inhospitably: the points, in which various places in London are described, are curious; but the dialogue is irregularly conducted, and mixed up with narrative matter. The full title is as follows: “A merry Discourse betweene Norfolke Thomas and Sifly Standtoo’t, his wife; together with their thanklesse journey from Norfolk to London, onely to see their friends, and how they doe respect and entertaine ‘um for their love and labour:

Which shewes that this same age, most certaine true,
Is onely for to aske yee how ye doe.”

It was “Printed by M. P. for F. C.” considerably later, we apprehend, than the first appearance of the broadside, which clearly came out during the prevalence of the plague, perhaps in 1603.]


O London is mad Thomas come,
With Sifly, here, his wife alone,
To see some friends, I hear, are gone
to heaven a while ago:
But I do hope it is a lye,

The Norfolk Farmer's

As I shall find it by and by,
 Or else poore Tom and Siffe should cry,
 till Doomes-day.

Thomas.

For though they be none of the best,
 I should be loath, I do protest,
 To hear that they are gone to rest,
 and never take their leave :
 For I do love 'um all so well,
 A little thing would make me dwell
 Within the sounding of Bow-bell,

at London.

Siffe.

Nay, husband, do not you say so :
 Our cottage poore wee'l not forgo
 For the best house that stands aroe
 'twixt Cheap and Charing Croffe ;
 For though our house be thatch't with straw,
 We do not live, as some, in awe,
 For 'tis our own by common law,

in Norfolke.

Besides, we live at heart's content :
 We take no care to pay our rent,
 For that is done incontinent,
 in twinkling of an eye ;
 When here at London, as they say,

They brawle and brabble every day,
And few or none but finds a way
to Hogdson.

Thomas.

Mum, Sifly ; keep your clapper still ;
There's them can hear at Highgate Hill :
There's rats has been in Peggie's mill,
or else she lies her selfe.
What if the world be vilde and bad,
Shall I be such a foolish lad
To blaze and noyse it all abroad ?

vile

I scorn it.

Although, indeed, I must confesse
Thou speak'st but truth, my honest Siffe,
Yet ever while you live marke this,
and take it for a rule,
That every chimney must not smoake,
Nor every begger weare a cloake,
Nor every truth must not be spoke,
in fadnesse.

But hang that cobler and his ends,
That lives too well, and never mends :
Would they were whipt that nere offends !
peace, chuck; I meane not thee.
But thou wilt scold sometime, I know,

The Norfolk Farmer's

The more is Thomas Standtoot's wo ;
 But, hang it, come let's trip and go
 to Fleetstreet.

And thus they trudg'd along the street.
 With many a justle they did meet,
 Which put poore Thomas in a sweat,
 and something angry too ;
 Which made him think they told a lye
 That said there did so many dye,
 When as he could not go hardly
 for people.

Sifly.

At length quoth she, good husband, stay,
 And tell me what this place is, pray,
 Where things are carried as they may ?

I never saw the like.
 For yonder's one doth ride in state,
 And here's a begger at a gate,
 And there's a woman that will prate
 for nothing.

See, here is one that soundly beats,
 And thumps his hemp untill he sweats ;
 And there's another greedy eats :
 I fear hee'l choke himselfe.
 And yonder goes a gallant bilk,

And there's a woman winding silk,
And here's another fetches milk
at Hackney.

And here's the prettiest sight of all,
A woman that is mighty tall,
And yet her spouse a little squall :

I wonder how they met.

And here's a man in armour stands,
And has, it seemes, lost both his hands :
'Tis pity that he has no lands
to keep him.

*Now, you must by this time suppose them about the
Exchange.*

And here's a world of people fine,
That do in silks and satins shine :
I would that suite and cloak were mine..

I hope I wish no harme.

And here hangs pictures two or three,
The best that ever I did see :
I thinke one looks full butt at me,
and laughs too.

And here's a man hath many a rat,
Both in his hand and on his hat :
Me thinks he keeps 'um very fat..
O strange ! what tailes they have.

The Norfolk Farmer's

And here's a gentlewoman, too,
 That hides her face from me and you :
 I wonder what she meanes to do
 in summer.

And here's an empty church, I see :
 Great pitty 'tis, most certainly,
 It should indeed no fuller be,
 and all these people here.

And there's an old man carries wood,
 And here's a young man doth no good ;
 And here's a woman wears a hood ;
 hey dazie !

Thomas.

Come, Sifly, let us go along,
 And not stand gaping here among
 A sort of people that do throng :

I never saw the like.

But let us to our brother go,
 That will us welcome well, I know,
 For he himselfe did tell me so,

at Norfolk.

Soft ! let us knock, for here's the doore ;
 But if because our cloathes are poore,
 They should not let us in therefore,
 'two'd make a dog to laugh :
 For I have heard my mother say,

That if a man fall to decay,
There's few or none will bid him stay,
y'are welcome.

But silence ! not a word but mum ;
For see, our brother now doth come.

Me thinks he looks as he were dum :
what makes him not to speake ?
Good brother, we our loves unfold,
For though my Siffe and I are old,

Yet we have made a little bold,
to see you.

Brother.

And truly I do thank you for't ;
Ye'r welcome both with all my heart :
Wee'l drink a cup before we part,
an't please you but to stay.
For I have friends within, truly,
That if they should a stranger see,
They strait would very fearfull be

of danger.

Thomas.

Why, brother, we no ficknesse have,
Nor are we started from our grave ;
Your love is all that we do crave :
what need you then to feare ?
We do not come to eat your roast,

guests

Nor yet to put you unto cost.
 But now, I see, our labour's lost,
 poore Sifly!

Brother.

Pray, do not think the fault is mine,
 For if you'l drink a pint of wine,
 Ile give it you, and nere repine.
 hang mony ! what care I ?
 And had I not so many gheffe,
 Indeed I seriously professe,
 Your welcome should be more, or leffe,
 good brother.

Thomas.

No, thank you, brother ; eene farewell.
 A blind man now with ease may smell
 That all things are not carried well :
 what love, pray, call you this ?
 Come now, unto thy sister we
 Will go with all celerity :
 No doubt that she shall kinder be
 unto us.

They condescend and were content,
 And to their sister straight they went ;
 But all in vain their time was spent,
 for when they thither came,
 Their sister did her maid compell,

And bid her thus much to them tell,
Indeed, she was not very well
at that time.

From thence they to their couzen go,
Being much desirous for to know
Whether that she would serve 'um so,
or use 'um in that kind :
But, being there, this newes was brought,
That she a smock had newly bought,
And she was gone to have it wrought
with woosted.

Well now, says Thomas to his dear,
What sayst thou, Sifly, to this gear ?
We have gone far, yet nere the near :
we thank our kindred for't.
But if that brothers be so kind,
What favour shall a stranger find ?
Protest, it troubles much my mind
to think on't.

matter

Sifly.

Nay, husband, let us not do so :
The best is we can homewards go,
And yet not trouble friend nor foe :
what need we then to care ?
For now each one, I tell you true,

The Norfolk Farmer's Journey.

Will only ask you, how do you?
 I am glad to see you well, Sir Hugh;
 good morrow.

Thomas.

Why then, old Sifly, thou and I
 Will back again to Norfolke hie,
 And bid a fig for company :
 our dog is sport enough.
 But when we come to London next,
 Our friends shall have a better text.
 I swear, and vow I am soundly vext:
 who cares for't?

ED. FORD.





Constance of Cleveland.

To the Tune of "Crimson Velvet."

[This romantic ballad, in a somewhat plain and unpretending style, relates incidents that may remind the reader of the old story of Titus and Gisippus, which was told in English verse by Edw. Lewicke, as early as 1562: the ballad is not so ancient by, perhaps, thirty or forty years; and the printed copy that has come down to our day is at least fifty years more recent than the date when we believe the ballad to have been first published. The title the broadside ("Printed for F. Coles, J. W., T. Vere, W. Gilbertson,") bears is, "Constance of Cleveland: A very excellent Sonnet of the most fair Lady Constance of Cleveland, and her disloyal Knight." We conclude that the incidents are mere invention, but "Constance of Rome" is the name of a play, by Drayton, Munday and Hathway, mentioned in Henflowe's Diary under the year 1600, (p. 171.) The tune of "Crimson Velvet" was highly popular in the reigns of Elizabeth and her successor.]

Twas a youthfull knight
lov'd a gallant lady;
Fair she was and bright,
and of vertues rare:
Herself she did behave,
so courteously as may be.
Wedded they were brave;
joy without compare.
Here began the grief,
Pain without relief:
her husband soon her love forsook,

Constance of Cleveland.

To women lewd of mind,
Being bad inclin'd,
 he only lent a pleasant look.
The lady she fate weeping,
While that he was keeping
 company with others moe :
Her words, My love, beleeve not,
Come to me, and grieve not ;
 wantons will thee overthrow.

His fair Ladie's words
 nothing he regarded ;
Wantonnesse affords
 such delightfull sport.
While they dance and sing,
 with great mirth prepared,
She her hands did wring
 in most grievous sort.
O ! what hap had I
Thus to wail and cry,
 unrespected every day,
Living in disdain,
While that others gain
 all the right I should enjoy !
I am left forsaken
Others they are taken :
 ah my love ! why dost thou so ?
Her flatteries beleeve not,

Come to me, and grieve not;
wantons will thee overthrow.

The Knight with his fair peece
at length the Lady spied,
Who did him daily fleece
of his wealth and store:
Secretly she stood,
while she her fashions tryed,
With a patient mind,
while deep the strumpet swore.
O, Sir Knight! quoth she,
So dearly I love thee,
my life doth rest at thy dispose:
By day, and eke by night,
For thy sweet delight,
thou shalt me in thy arms inclose.
I am thine for ever;
Still I will persever
true to thee, where ere I go.
Her flatteries believe not,
Come to me, and grieve not;
wantons will thee overthrow.

The vertuous Lady mild
enters then among them,
Being big with child
as ever she might be:

Constance of Cleveland.

With distilling tears
she looked then upon them.
Filled full of fears,
thus replyed she :
Ah, my love and dear !
Wherefore stay you here
refusing me, your loving wife,
For an harlot's sake,
Which each one will take ;
whose vile deeds provoke much strife ?
Many can accuse her :
O, my love ! refuse her ;
with thy lady home return.
Her flatteries beleeve not,
Come to me, and grieve not ;
wantons will thee overthrow.

All in a fury then,
the angry Knight up started,
Very furious when
he heard his Ladie's speech.
With many bitter terms
his wife he ever thwarted,
Using hard extreams,
while she did him beseech.
From her neck so white
He took away in spite
her curious chain of purest gold,

Her jewels and her rings,
And all such costly things
as he about her did behold :
The harlot in her presence
He did gently reverence,
and to her he gave them all.
He sent away his Lady,
Full of wo as may be,
who in a swound with grief did fall.

At the Ladie's wrong
the harlot fleer'd and laughed ;
Enticements are so strong,
they overcome the wife.
The Knight nothing regarded
to see the Lady scoffed :
Thus was she rewarded
for her enterprise.
The harlot, all this space,
Did him oft embrace ;
she flatters him, and thus doth say :
For thee Ile dye and live,
For thee my faith Ile give,
no wo shall work my love's decay.
Thou shalt be my treasure,
Thou shalt be my pleasure,
thou shalt be my heart's delight :
I will be thy darling.

Constance of Cleveland.

I will be thy worldling,
in despight of fortune's spight.

Thus he did remain
in wastfull great expences,
Till it bred his pain,
and consumed him quite.
When his lands were spent,
troubled in his fences,
Then he did repent
of his late lewd life.
For relief he hies,
For relief he flyes
to them on whom he spent his gold :
They do him deny,
They do him defie ;
they will not once his face behold.
Being thus distressed,
Being thus oppressed,
in the fields that night he lay ;
Which the harlot knowing,
Through her malice growing,
sought to take his life away.

A young and proper lad
they had slain in secret
For the gold he had,
whom they did convey

By a ruffian lewd
to that place directly,
Where the youthful Knight
fast a sleeping lay.
The bloody dagger than;
Wherewith they kill'd the man,
hard by the Knight he likewise laid,
Sprinkling him with blood,
As he thought it good,
and then no longer there he stayd.
The Knight, being so abused,
Was forthwith accused
for this murder which was done ;
And he was condemned
That had not offended :
shamefull death he might not shun.

wicked

When the Lady bright
understood the matter,
That her wedded Knight
was condemn'd to dye,
To the King she went
with all the speed that might be,
Where she did lament
her hard destiny.
Noble King ! quoth she,
Pitty take on me,
and pardon my poor husbands life ;

Constance of Cleveland.

Else I am undone
With my little son :
 let mercy mitigate this grief.
Lady fair, content thee,
Soon thou wouldest repent thee,
 if he should be saved so :
Sore he hath abus'd thee,
Sore he hath misus'd thee ;
 therefore, Lady, let him go.

O my liege ! quoth she,
 grant your gracious favour :
Dear he is to me,
 though he did me wrong.
The King reply'd again,
 with a stern behaviour,
A subiect he hath slain :
 dye he shall ere long,
Except thou canst find
Any one so kind,
 that will dye and set him free.
Noble King ! she said,
Glad am I apaid ;
 that same person will I be.
I will suffer duly,
I will suffer truly,
 for my love and husbands sake.
The King thereat amazed,

atisfied

Though he her beauty praised,
he bad from thence they should her take.

It was the King's command,
on the morrow after,
She should out of hand
to the scaffold go :
Her husband was
to bear the fword before her ;
He must eke, alas !
give the deadly blow.
He refus'd the deed ;
She bid him to proceed
with a thousand kisses sweet.
In this wofull case
They did both imbrace,
which mov'd the ruffians, in that place,
Straight for to discover
This concealed murder ;
whereby the lady saved was.
The harlot then was hanged,
As she well deserved :
this did vertue bring to passe.

FINIS.



The Song of the Caps.

To the Tune of “The Shaking of the Sheets.”

[This spirited and humorous song seems to have been founded, in some of its points, upon the “Pleasant Dialogue or Disputation betweene the Cap and the Head,” which prose satire went through two editions, in 1564 and 1565: (See the Bridgewater Catalogue, p. 46.) It is, however, more modern, and certainly cannot be placed earlier than the end of the reign of Elizabeth. It may be suspected, that it underwent some changes, to adapt it to the times, when it was afterwards reprinted; and we finally meet with it, but in a rather corrupted state, in a work published in 1656, called “Sportive Wit: the Muses Merriment, a new Spring of lusty Drollery,” &c. The broadside we have used was one of the many “printed for John Trundle,” but it has no date.]

THE wit hath long beholding been
Unto the Cap to keep it in:
Let now the wit flie out amaine,
With praise to quit the Cap againe.
The Cap, that owns the highest part,
Obtain'd that place by due desert;
For any Cap, whate're it bee,
Is still the signe of some degree.

The Cap doth stand, each man can show,
Above a crown, but kings below:
The Cap is nearer heaven than we,
A greater sign of majestie.

When off the Cap we chance to take,
Both head and feet obeysance make ;
For any Cap, whate're it bee,
Is still the signe of some degree.

The Monmouth Cap, the faylors thrum,
And that wherein the faylors come ;
The physick, lawe, the Cap divine,
The same that crowns the Muses nine :
The Cap the fools doe countenance,
The goodly Cap of Maintenance,
And any Cap, whate're it bee,
Is still the signe of some degree.

The sickly Cap, both plaine & wrought,
The fuddling Cap, however bought ;
The quilted, furr'd, the velvet, satin,
For which so many pates learn Latin :
The crewell Cap, the fustian pate,
The perriwig, the Cap of late ;
And any Cap, whate're it bee,
Is still the signe of some degree.

The souldiers, that the Monmouth wear,
On castle tops their ensignes rear :
The faylors with their thrums doe stand
On higher place than all the land.
The tradesman's Cap aloft is born
By vantage of (some say) a horn.

The Song of the Caps.

Thus any Cap, whatere it bee,
Is still the signe of some degree.

The physick Cap to dust may bring
Without controull the greatest king :
The lawyers Cap hath heavenly might
To make a crooked cause aright,
Which, being round and endless, knows
To make as endles any cause.

So any Cap, whatere it bee,
Is still the signe of some degree.

Both east and west, and north and south,
Where ere the Gospell finds a mouth,
The Cap divine doth thither looke,
The square, like schollars and their booke ;
The rest are round, but this is square,
To shew that they more stable are :

For any Cap, whatere it be,
Is still the signe of some degree.

The motley man a Cap doth weare
That makes him fellow to a peere ;
And 'tis no slender part of wit
To act the fool where great men fit,
For folly is in such request
That each man strives to do his best.

Thus any Cap, whatere it bee,
Is still the signe of some degree.

The sick man's Cap, not wrought with silk,
Is, like repentant, white as milk.
When hats in church drop off in haste,
This Cap ne'er leaves the head uncaste :
The sick man's Cap, if wrought, can tell
Though he be ill, his state is well.
So any Cap, whitere it bee,
Is still the signe of some degree.

The fuddling Cap, by Bacchus might,
Turns night to day, and day to night ;
Yet spenders it prefers to more,
Seeming to double all their store.
The furr'd and quilted Cap of age
Can make a musty proverb sage ;
And any Cap, whitere it bee,
It is the signe of some degree.

Though fustian Caps be slender ware,
The head is of no better gear.
The crewell Cap is knit like hose
For them whose zeale takes cold 'i' th' nose ;
Whose purity doth judge it meete
To clothe alike both head and feete.

This Cap would faine, but cannot bee,
The onely Cap of no degree.

The Satin and the velvet hive
Unto a bishoprick doe drive ;

The Song of the Caps.

Nay, when a file of Caps you're seen in,
A square Cap this, and then a linen,
This treble Cap may raise some hope,
If fortune smile, to be a Pope.

Thus any Cap, whatere it bee,
May raise a man to high degree.

The perriwig, Oh! that declares
The rise of flesh, though fall of hairs ;
And none but graduates can proceede
In finne so far till this they neede.
Before the Prince none covered are
But those that to themselves go bare :
This Cap, of all the Caps that bee,
Is now the signe of high degree.





Sack for my Money.

The Tune is "Wet and Weary."

[A capital old drinking song, probably of the time of James I, though “Printed for W. Gilbertson in Giltspur street,” some forty years afterwards. It gives not only the names of the principal wines then in use with various classes, but the prices at which they were ordinarily sold. The old title is, “Sack for my Money ; or a description of the operation of Sack that is still’d in the Spanish nation.

Then buy it, deny it, like it or leave it,
Not one amongst ten but is willing to have it.”

The printer, no doubt, made a blunder in not giving the words, “a description of the operation of Sack that is still’d in the Spanish nation” as verse, as well as the last couplet.]

SOOD fellows all, both great and small,
rejoyce at this my ditty ;
Whilst I do sing, good newes I bring
to the countrey and the city :
Let every lad and lass be glad
(for who will true love smother ?)
And being here, my joy and dear,
we'l kindly kiss each other.
The purest wine, so brisk and fine,
the Alligant and Sherry,
I hold it good to purge the blood,
and make the senses merry.

Sack for my Money.

"Tis sparkling Sack that binds the back,
and cherishes the heart, boys,
For recompence just eighteen pence
you must give for a quart, boys :
Away with beer and such like geer,
that makes our spirits muddy,
For wine compleat will do thefeat
that we all notes can study.

The purest wine, &c.

Rich Malligo is pure, I know,
to purge out melancholly,
And he that's sick it cureth quick,
and makes their senses jolly :
It rarifies the dullest eyes
of those that are most paler,
And bravely can compose a man
of a very prick-lows taylor.

The richest wine, &c.

The meereft fool shall teach a school
by Clarets operation,
And make some fight, like men of might,
or champions of a nation :
It is more fine then Brandewine,
the Butterboxes potion,
Who drinking dares in Neptunes wars
reign master of the ocean.

Canary Sack makes firm the back ;
both Alligant and Sherry
Are proved good to clear the blood,
and make the senses merry.

A longing lass, whose custard face
her inward grief discloses,
With drinking wine, so sweet and fine,
will gain a pair of roses :
It doth revive dead folks alive,
and helps their former weakness ;
It is so pure that it doth cure
a maiden of her sickness.

This Rhenish wine, &c.

The drawer still the same shall fill
to elevate the heart, boys ;
For Rhenish gay you now must pay
just twelve pence for a quart, boys.
Who would be ty'de to brewers fide,
whose measures do so vary,
When we may sit, to raise our wit,
with drinking of Canary ?
The purest wine, &c.

The French wine pure, for 7 pence, sure,
you shall have choice and plenty,
At this same rate to drink in plate,
which is both good and dainty :

Sack for my Money.

A maunding cove that doth it love,
'twill make him dance and caper,
And Captain Puff will have enuff
to make him brag and vapor.
The purest wine, so brisk and fine,
the Alligant and Sherry,
I hold it good to purge the blood,
and make the sences merry.

And also we that do agree
as one for boon good fellows,
We'll sing and laugh, and stoutly quaff,
and quite renounce the alehouse ;
For ale and beer are both now dear,
the price is rais'd in either ;
Then let us all, both great and small,
to th' tavern walk together.
The purest wine, &c.

The tradesmen may at any day,
for their own recreation,
Be welcome still to Ralph or Will,
and have accommodation ;
For why, their coyn will buy the wine
and cause a running barrel,
But if you're drunk, your wits are funk,
and gorrill'd guts will quarrel.
The purest wine, &c,

The cobler fast will stay the last,
for he's a lusty drinker ;
He'l pawn his soul to have a bowl
to drink to Tom the tinker :
The broom-man he will be as free,
to drink courageous flashes :
If cole grow scant, before he'l want,
he'l burn his brooms to ashes.
The purest wine, so brisk and fine,
the Alligant and Sherry,
I hold is best to give us rest,
or make the fenses merry.

The fidling crowd that grow so proud
will pawn their pipes and fiddles,
They'l strike and crack with bowls of Sack,
and cut the queerest whiddles :
They'l rant and tear like men of war,
they voyces roar like thunder,
And growing curst their fiddles burst,
and break 'um all asunder.
The purest wine, &c.

The country blades with their own maids,
at every merry meetings,
For ale and cakes at their town wakes,
which they did give their sweetings,

Sack for my Money.

Upon their friend a crown will spend
in Sack that is so trusty :
'Twill please a maid that is decay'd,
and make a booby lusty.
Be rul'd by me, and we'l agree
to drink both Sack and Sherry,
For that is good to cleanse the blood,
and make our senses merry.

FINIS.





The brave English Gipsey.

To the Tune of "The Spanish Gipsey."

[Attention had been called to Spanish Gipsies by Middleton's play, (Works by Dyce, iv. 101.) which, though not printed until 1653, had perhaps been performed forty, or even fifty, years before: the subsequent ballad, the earliest of the kind, was written "to the tune of The Spanish Gipsey," possibly existing anterior to Middleton's work, or founded upon it. The imprint of the broadside we have used is, "London, printed for John Trundle, at his Shop, neere the Hospitall Gate in Smithfield," and from a passage in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," we find that he was a celebrated publisher of ballads as early as 1598: the Elder Knowell (the character supposed to have been sustained by Shakespeare) says, "Well, if I read this with patience I'll * * * * troll ballads for master John Trundle, yonder, the rest of my mortality." Trundle was also a general publisher of popular works and tracts, and lived in Cripplegate.]

OME follow, follow all!
 'Tis English gipsies call.
All you that love your lives,
Here's those that profit drives:
We fare well when thousands lacke;
None of us can credits cracke.

If we to gallants come,
The country people run,

The brave English Gipsey.

To see what we can doe ;
Such paines they undergoe :
Seriously, a number strives
To lead the English Gipfies lives.

We humor none that lives,
Nor hate no man that gives :
Ambition doth not rest
I'th' English Gipfie's brest.
If they give, weeble willing take ;
Nought that's good will we forsake.

We use all things are quaint ;
With painters we can paint ;
Our dye is not in vaine,
For we doe dye in graine :
The walnut tree supplies our lacke ;
What was made faire, we can make black.

We take a formall course,
Some fixe upon a horse :
We single scorne to ride,
Our horse doth want no guide.
We by turnes will take our ease,
And live all humors for to please.

We scorne for to entice
With beauty gallants' eyes ;

We beare no beautious face
Our subtile flightes to grace :
We can paint when we command,
And looke like Indians that are tand.

We practise not to dance,
Nor learne no tunes from France :
Our knockers make no noise,
We are no roaring boyes.
English Gipfies live all free,
And love and live most jovially.

Our fare is of the best ;
Three times a weeke we feast,
Nay, sometimes every day,
And yet for nothing pay,
For beefe or bacon, geefe or hens ;
What we eate is other mens.

Sometimes where great men dwell,
We doe their fortunes tell :
Our paines for to requite,
We diet there all night.
In this life we spend our dayes :
English Gipfie lawes obayes.

We feare to wrong the law,
We live in servile awe,

The brave English Gipsey.

Yet wherefoere wee goe,
We feldome find a foe :
Wheresoere we come, we find,
For one that hates, an hundred kind.

Pleasure we have store,
Who can defire more ?
All doth our paines requite ;
Then frolike we all night :
Mongst our selves we dance and sing ;
Night content to us doth bring.

What ere we get all day,
That night doth fly away ;
We hoord not up our store,
For next day we have more :
Feast our selves with gallant cheere,
Spare no cost for wine or beere.

To drinke, be drunke, and tipsie,
Delights the English Gipsie :
We live to love all those
Who are no Gipsies foes.
Some decay'd mongst gallants strives
To leade the English Gipsies lives.

We beare this honest mind
To love all friends are kind :

Our foes we can requite
With hatred and despight ;
For we can plague our mortall foe,
Yet he the actors never know.

Great store of coyne we gaine,
Yet for it take no paine :
Our diet's seldom sought,
For it is to us brought :
Pigs, or geefe, or brawne, or fowce,
Or any meat that's in the house.

Ther's many stand in feare,
When we approach but neere :
Sometimes our very fight
The children doth affright.
Our names are spred both far and neere ;
Our friends we love, but dread no feare.

We hate all surly slaves,
Nor love no cunning knaves :
Our selves can cunning use,
Yet none we will abuse.
He that freely gives shall find
The English Gipsies alwaies kind.

Who ere hath bin in Spaine,
And seene there Gipfie's vaine,

The brave English Gipsey.

Shall soone the difference find,
Else judgement makes him blind.
So, Spanish Gipsies, all adoe !
For English equall are to you.

FINIS.





The Substance of all the late entended Treafons.

[We here introduce another new name to the student of our early ballad poetry—Thomas Nelson ; but what he wrote beyond this production is not known. We have already mentioned (p. 127), a performance of the same kind by Thomas Deloney on the same event, the execution of Ballard, Babington, &c. The following contains some new historical points, and in the outset presents a singular picture of London rejoicing at the discovery and capture of the traitors. The burden to be sung at the end of every verse, though no tune is mentioned, is given immediately after the title : it was “ Imprinted at London by George Robinson for Edward White, and are to be folde at his shop at the signe of the Gun.”]



LORD, preserve our noble Queene, her
Counfaile long maintaine :
Confound her foes, and graunt her grace in
health to rule and raigne.

When first the gracious God of heaven by meanes did
bring to light

The treafons lately practised by many a wicked wight,
Against their Prince whose life thei fought, and many
a noble Peere,

The substaunce of whose treafons straunge, you shall
most truely heare ;

The Substance of all the

Their treasons once discovered, then were the Traytors fought.

Some of them fled into a wood, where after they were caught,

And, being brought unto the Tower, for joye the belles did ring,

And throughout London bonfires made, where people psalmes did sing.

And set their tables in the streates with meates of every kinde;

There was preparede all signes of joye that could be had in minde,

And praisde the Lord most hartely, that with his mightie hand,

He had preserved our gracious Queene, and people of this land.

Which thing was taken in good parte by our renoumed Queene,

Who by her letters gave them thankes, as plainly may be seene;

Affuring them that all her care was for their safetie still,
And that thereby she would deserve their love and great good will.

The Traytors well examined (whom God himself bewrayed)

Their treasons knowne, then were they straight to
Westminster convayed,
Whereas they all indited were of many a vilde pretence,
Seaven pleaded guiltie at the barre before they went
from thence.

The maner how they did begin herein will plaine
appeare ;
Their purposes in each respect you shall most truely
heare :
Herein unto you will be seene, if they had not bene
foylde,
Our Queene, our realme, yea, rich and poore together
had bene spoylde.

One Savidge lurking long in Fraunce, at Rheames did
there remaine,
Whom Doctor Gifford did perfwade great honor he
should gaine,
If that he would goe take in hand (these matters very
straunge)
First to deprive our gracious Queene, religion for to
chaunge ;

And then for to envade the realme by trowpes of
forraine power,
To overthrowe the government, and kill her in her
bower ;

intention

The Substance of all the

Or forceably to dispossesse the Queene of Englands grace,
And to proclaime the Scottish Queene, and set her in
her place.

Which matter Savidge promised his full performance
to,

So that he might see warrant with safe conscience fo
to do :

The Doctor vowed by his sowle, and bad hirn under
stand,

It was an honorable thing to take the same in hand.

When Savidge heard that merits were to him thereby
so rife,

He vowed for to doe the same, or els to lose his life,
And shortly into England hyed, and did imparte the
same

To Babington of Darbyshire, a man sure voyde of shame:

And tolde him how that he had vowed to doe it, or to dye,
Desiring him of helpe and ayde, and that immediatly.
A Jesuit priest, whom Ballard hight, came over to
that end,

He came also to Babington, and daylie did attend,

Still to perswade him that he would attempt and take
in hand,

This vilde and wicked enterprise and stoutly to it stand;

And tolde him that he should have ayde of sixtie
thousand men, [when.

That secretly should landed be, and tolde him how and

And in respect of all his paines he truely might depende,
That it was lawfull so to doe, renowne should be the ende;
But let all Traytors now perceive what honor he hath
wonne,

Whose trayterous head and wicked heart hath many
one undonne.

This proude and haughtie Babington, in hope to gaine
renowne, [towne,
Did stirre up many wilfull men in many a shire and
To ayde him in this devilish act, and for to take in hand
The spoyle of our renowned Prince, and people of
this land.

Who did conclude with bloudie blade a slaughter to
commit, [fit:

Upon her Counsell as they shoulde within Star Chamber
Which is a place whereas the Lords, and those of that
degree,

Yeelde justice unto every man that crave it on their knee.

Yea, famous London they did meane for to have sackt
beside,

Both Maior and Magistrates therein have murdered at
that tide.

The Substance of all the

Each rich mans goods had bene their owne, no favour
then had servde,

Nought but our wealth was their desire, though we
and ours had starvde.

Besides these wicked practises they had concluded more,
The burning of the navie, and the cheefest shippes in
store :

With fier and sworde they vowed to kill and to displace
Each Lord, Knight, and Magistrate, true subjects to
her Grace.

spiked

They had determinide to have cloyde, and poysoned
out of hand,

The cheefe and greatest Ordinaunce that is within
this land,

And did entend by violence on rich men for to fall,
To have their money and their plate, and to have spoyld
them all.

The Common wealth of England soone should thereby
have bene spoylde,

Our goodes for which our Parents and our selves long
tyme had toylde,

Had all bene taken from us, besides what had ensued,
The substance proveth plainly, to soone we had all had
rewed.

Those were the treasons they conspirde, our good
Queene to displace,

To spoyle the states of all this land, such was their
want of grace.

But God that doth protect her still, offended at the same,
Even in their young and tender yeres did cut them of
with shame.

These Traytors executed were on stage full strongly
wrought,

Even on the place where wickedly they had their
treasons sought :

There they were hangde and quartered, there they
acknowledgd why, [to dye.

Who, like as Traytors they had livde, even so they seemde

O wicked imps, O Traytors vilde, that could these
deedes devise!

Why did the feare of God and Prince departe so from
your eyes?

No rebelles power can her displace, God will defend
her still;

True subjects all will lose their lives ere Traytors have
their will.

How many mischiefs are devisde, how many waies
are wrought,

How many vilde conspiracies against her Grace is sought:
Yet God that doth protect her still her Grace doth
well preserve, [serve.

And workes a shame unto her foes, as they doe best de-

The late entended Treasons.

O heavenly God! preserve our Queene in plentie, health,
and peace ;
Confound her foes, maintaine her right, her joyes, O
Lord ! encrease :
Lord, blesse her Counsaile evermore and nobles of this
land ;
Preserve her subiects and this realme with thy most
mighty hand.

THOMAS NELSON.





The Bull's Feather.

To a very pleasant New Tune, or The Bull's Feather.

[This is a comparatively modern reprint of a much older comic ballad: the only copy known was "Printed for F. Coles, J. Wright, and J. Clarke;" but it probably first came out long before their time. The title at length is this: "The Bull's Feather; being the Good-fellows Song, usually sung at their Merry-meeting in Bulls Feather Hall, who sent this song to their Brethren (of what degree or quality) in praise of the Bulls Feather,

And to all Cuckolds, who think it no scorn,
To wear the Bull's Feather, though made of a horn."]

TIT chanced, not long ago,
as I was walking,
An echo did bring me where
two were a talking:
"Twas a man said to his wife,
dye had I rather,
Than to be cornuted, and
wear the Bull's Feather.

Then presently she reply'd;
sweet, art thou jealous?
Thou can't not play Vulcan,
before I play Venus:

The Bulls Feather.

Thy fancies are foolish, such
follies to gather,
For there's many an honest man
wears the Bulls Feather.

Though it be invisible,
let no man it scorn,
Being it is a new feather
made of an old horn :
He that disdains it in
mind, or in heart either,
May be the more subject
to wear the Bulls Feather.

He that lives discontented,
or in despair,
And feareth false measure,
because his wife's fair,
His thoughts are inconstant,
much like winter weather :
Though one or two want it,
he shall have a Feather.

Bulls Feathers are common
as *ergo* i'th' schools,
And only contemned by
those that are fools :
Why should a Bulls Feather
cause any unrest,

Since neighbours fare always
is counted the best?.

Those women who are fairest
are likest to give it,
And husbands that have them
are apt to believe it.
Some men, though their wives
they seem for to tether,
They would play the kind neighbors,
and give the Bulls Feather.

Why should we repine
that our wives are so kind,
Since we that are husbands,
are of the same mind?
Shall we give them feathers,
and think to go free?
Believe it, believe it,
that hardly will be.

For he that disdains my
Bulls Feather to day,
May light of a lass that
will play him foul play.
There's ne'r a proud gallant,
that tread's on cows leather,
But may be cornuted, and
wear the Bulls Feather.

The Bulls Feather.

The shortest, the tallest,
the foulest, the fairest,
The fattest, the leanest,
the commonest, the rarest,
When they and their Dicks
are all merry together,
Will be using tricks
to advance the Bulls Feather.

A King and a cobler,
a lord and a loon,
A prince and a pedler,
a courtier and a clown,
Put all their degrees and
conditions together,
Are liable always to
wear the Bulls Feather.

Though beer of that brewing
I never did drink,
Yet be not displeased, if I
speak what I think :
Scarce ten in an hundred,
believe it, believe it,
But either they will have it,
or else they will give it.

Then, let me advise
all those that do pine.

For fear that false jealousie
shorten their line,
That disease will torment them
worse than any feavor ;
Then let all be contented, and
wear the Bulls Feather.

FINIS.





The West Country Damofels Complaint.

To the Tune of "Johnny Armstrong."

[From its form and character this ballad may be considered one of the earliest in the volume, and it was written to a very old tune. The long title and the lines forming part of it were probably meant for attractive additions when the broadside was "Printed by P. Brookby, at the Golden Bull in Westsmith-field, neer the Hospitall Gate :" it runs as follows:—"The West-Country Damofel's Complaint, or The Faithful Lover's last Farewel: Being the relation of a young Maid, who pined herself to death for the love of a Young-man, who, after he had notice of it, dyed likewise for grief.

Careleſſ Young-men, by this warning take,
How you kind Virgins (when they love) forſake ;
Leaſt the ſame fate o're-take you, and you dye
For breach of vows, and inidelity.
Be kind, but ſwear no more than what you mean,
Leaſt comick jests become a tragick ſcean."]

WHEN will you marry me, William,
and make me your wedded wife ?
Or take you your keen bright ſword,
and rid me out of my life.

Will.

Say no more ſo then, lady,
ſay you no more then ſo,
For you ſhall unto the wild forreſt,
and amonſt the buck and doe.

Where thou shalt eat of the hips and haws,
and the roots that are so sweet,
And thou shalt drink of the cold water
that runs underneath your feet.

Now had she not been in the wild forrest
passing three months and a day,
But with hunger and cold she had her fill,
till she was quite worn away.

At last she saw a fair tyl'd house,
and there she swore by the rood,
That she would to that fair tyl'd house,
there for to get her some food,

But when she came unto the gates,
aloud, aloud she cry'd,
An alms, an alms, my own fister !
I ask you for no pride.

Her fister call'd up her merry men all,
by one, by two and by three,
And bid them hunt away that wild doe,
as far as e're they could see.

They hunted her o're hill and dale,
and they hunted her so sore,
That they hunted her into the forrest,
where her sorrows grew more and more.

The West-Country

She laid a stome all at her head,
and another all at her feet,
And down she lay between these two,
till death had lull'd her asleep.

When sweet Will came and stood at her head,
and likewise stood at her feet,
A thousand times he kiss'd her cold lips,
her body being fast asleep.

Yea, seaven times he stood at her feet,
and seaven times at her head ;
A thousand times he shook her hand,
although her body was dead.

Ah, wretched me ! he loudly cry'd,
what is it that I have done ?

O, wou'd to the powers above I'de dy'd,
when thus I left her alone !

Come, come you gentle red-breast now,
and prepare for us a tomb,
Whilst unto cruel Death I bow,
and sing like a swan my doom.

Why could I ever cruel be
unto so fair a creature ;
Alas ! she dy'd for love of me,
the loveliest she in nature !

For me she left her home so fair
to wander in this wild grove,

And there with sighs and pensive care,
she ended her life for love.

O constancy! in her thou'rt lost;
now let women boast no more,
She's fled unto the Elizian coast,
and with her carry'd the store.

O, break, my heart with sorrow fill'd,
come, swell you strong tides of grief!
You that my dear love have kill'd,
come, yield in death to me relief.

Cruel her sister, was't for me
that to her she was unkind?
Her husband I will never be,
but with this my love be joyn'd.

Grim Death shall tye the marriage bands,
which jealousie shan't divide;
Together shall tye our cold hands,
whilst here we lye side by side.

Witness, ye groves, and chrystal streams,
how faithles I late have been;
But do repent with dying leaves
of that my ungrateful sin;

And wish a thousand times that I
had been but to her more kind,
And not have let a virgin dye,
whose equal there's none can find.

The Damosel's Complaint.

Now heaps of sorrow presis my soul ;
now, now 'tis she takes her way.

I come, my love, without controule,
nor from thee will longer stay.

With that he fetch'd a heavy groan,
which rent his tender breast,
And then by her he laid him down,
when as Death did give him rest.

Whilst mournful birds, with leavy bows,
to them a kind burial gave,
And warbled out their love-fick vows,
whilst they both slept in their grave.





The Common Cries of London.

To the Tune of "Watton Towns End."

[It is impossible to assign a precise date to the following ballad, relating to the popular pursuits and customs of London in the early part of the seventeenth century. The first stanza of the second part shews, that the Curtain, Globe, Swan, and Red-Bull theatres were then open, but the dates when any of them were permanently cloed cannot be stated with certainty: John Shandke, who is mentioned by name, was a popular actor from 1603 to 1635, when he died. (See the life of Shandke, in the "Memoirs of Shakespeare's Actors," printed by the Shakespeare Society, p. 276.) The allusion to carrying persons to the play-houses by water is also a curious note of time. There were several old actors of the name of Turner; and W. Turner may have been upon the stage, and may have composed and sung this production as "a jig" for the amusement of audiences. It was "Printed for F. C., T. V. and W. G." in 1662, but that was unquestionably not the first impression of it, although we know of no other: the full title runs thus:—

"The Common Cries of London Town:
Some go up street, some go down.

With Turner's Dish of Stuff, or a Gallymaufery."

The tune is the same as "Peg a' Ramsey," mentioned by Shakespeare in *Twelfth Night*, and is at least as old as 1589.]

MY masters all, attend you,
if mirth you love to heare,
And I will tell you what they cry
in London all the yeare.

The Common Cries of London.

Ile please you if I can,
I will not be too long :
I pray you all attend awhile,
and listen to my song.

The fish-wife first begins,
Anye muscles lilly white !
Herrings, sprats or place,
or cockles for delight.
Anye welflet oysters !
Then she doth change her note :
She had need to have her tongue be greas'd,
for she rattles in the throat.

For why, the are but Kentish,
to tell you out of doubt :
Her measure is too little ;
goe, beat the bottom out.
Half a peck for two pence ?
I doubt it is a bodge.
Thus all the City over
the people they do dodge.

The wench that cries the kitchin stuff,
I marvel what she ayle,
She sings her note so merry,
but she hath a draggle tayle :
An empty car came running,
and hit her on the bum ;

Down she threw her greasie tub,
and away straight she did run.

But she did give her blessing
to some, but not to all,
To bear a load to Tyburne,
and there to let it fall :
The miller and his golden thumb,
and his dirty neck,
If he grind but two bushels,
he must needs steal a peck.

The weaver and the taylor,
cozens they be sure,
They cannot work but they must steal,
to keep their hands in ure ;
For it is a common proverb
thorowout the town,
The taylor he must cut three sleeves
to every womans gown.

Mark but the waterman
attending for his fare,
Of hot and cold, of wet and dry,
he alwaies takes his share :
He carrieth bonny lasses
over to the playes,
And here and there he gets a bit,
and that his stomach staies.

The Common Cries of London.

There was a singing boy
who did ride to Rumford ;
When I go to my own school
I will take him in a comfort ;
But what I leave behind
shall be no private gain ;
But all is one when I am gone :
let him take it for his pain.

Old shoes for new brooms !
the broom-man he doth sing,
For hats or caps or buskins,
or any old pouch ring.
Buy a mat, a bed-mat !
a haffock or a presse,
A cover for a close stool,
a bigger or a less.

Ripe, cherry ripe !
the coster-monger cries ;
Pippins fine or pears !
another after hies,
With basket on his head
his living to advance,
And in his purse a pair of dice
for to play at mumchance.

Hot pippin pies !
to sell unto my friends,

Or pudding pies in pans,
well stufft with candles ends.

Will you buy any milk?

I heard a wench that cries:

With a pale of fresh cheese and cream,
another after hies.

Oh! the wench went neatly;
me thought it did me good,
to see her cherry cheeks
so dimpled ore with blood:

Her waistcoat washed white
as any lilly floure;

Would I had time to talk with her
the space of half an hour.

Buy black! saith the blacking man,
the best that ere was seen;

Tis good for poore citizens
to make their shooes to shine.

Oh! tis a rare commodity,
it must not be forgot;

It wil make them to glister gallantly,
and quickly make them rot.

The world is full of thread-bare poets
that live upon their pen,

But they will write too eloquent,
they are such witty men.

The Common Cries of London.

But the tinker with his budget,
the beggar with his wallet,
And Turners turnd a gallant man
at making of a ballet.

THE SECOND PART.

To the same Tune.

THAT'S the fat foole of the Curtin,
and the lean fool of the Bull :
Since Shancke did leave to sing his rimes,
he is counted but a gull.
The players on the Banckeside,
the round Globe and the Swan,
Will teach you idle tricks of love,
but the Bull will play the man.

But what do I stand tattling
of such idle toyes ?
I had better go to Smith-Field
to play among the boyes :
But you cheating and deceiving lads,
with your base artillery,
I would wish you to shun Newgate,
and withall the pillory.

And some there be in patcht gownes,
I know not what they be,

That pinch the country-man
with nimming of a fee ;
For where they get a booty,
they'le make him pay so dear,
They'le entertain more in a day,
then he shall in a year.

Which makes them trim up houses
made of brick and stone,
And poor men go a begging,
when house and land is gone.
Some there be with both hands
will swear they will not dally,
Till they have turn'd all upside down,
as many use to sally.

You pedlers, give good measure,
when as your wares you sell :
Tho' your yard be short, your thum will slip ;
Your tricks I know full well.
And you that sell your wares by weight,
and live upon the trade,
Some beams be false, some waits too light ;
Such tricks there have been plaid.

But small coals, or great coals !
I have them on my back :
The goose lies in the bottom ;
you may hear the duck cry quack.

The Common Cries of London.

Thus Grim, the black collier,
whose living is so loose,
As he doth walk the commons ore,
sometimes he steals a goose.

Thou usurer with thy money bags
that livest so at ease,
By gaping after gold thou dost
thy mighty God displease ;
And for thy greedy usury,
and thy great extortion,
Except thou dost repent thy sins,
hell fire will be thy portion.

For first I came to Houns-Ditch,
then round about I creep,
Where cruelty was crowned chief
and pity fast asleep :
Where usury gets profit,
and brokers bear the bell.
Oh, fie upon this deadly sin !
it sinks the soul to hell.

The man that sweeps the chimnyes
with the bush of thorns,
And on his neck a trusse of poles
tipped all with horns,
With care he is not cumbred,
he liveth not in dread ;

For though he wear them on his pole,
some wear them on their head.

The landlord with his racking rents
turns poor men out of dore ;
Their children go a begging
where they have spent their store.

I hope none is offended
with that which is endited :
If any be, let him go home
and take a pen and write it.

Buy a trap, a mouse trap,
a torment for the fleas !
The hangman works but half the day ;
he lives too much at ease.

Come let us leave this boyes play
and idle prittle prat,
And let us go to nine holes,
to spurn-point, or to cat.

Oh ! you nimble fingered lads
that live upon your wits,
Take heed of Tyburn ague,
for they be dangerous fits ;
For many a proper man,
for to supply his lack,
Doth leap a leap at Tyburn,
which makes his neck to crack.

And to him that writ this song
I give this simple lot :
Let every one be ready
to give him half a pot.
And thus I do conclude,
wishing both health and peace
To those that are laid in their bed,
and cannot sleep for fleas.

W. TURNER.





The Two Valentines.

The Tune is, "Did you see Nan to Day."

[An early song upon the much earlier custom of chusing Valentines. In Deloney's "Garland of Goodwill," which came out anterior to 1596, there is a ballad to the tune of "My Valentine," but not at all like the present. Our broadside was not printed until the middle of the seventeenth century "for F. Coles, T. Vere and W. Gilbertson;" and the full title is, "A pleasant new Song of two Valentines and their Lovers."]

OOD morrow, Valentine :
God blesse you ever !
Kind in your promises,
Faithfull as ever.
Be thou still true to me,
The kindest heart Ile be
That ever you did see.
Kisse me, and good morrow.

I like my choyse so well,
Love doth compell me,
And force my tongue to tell,
The truth is I love thee :
Kindly I do request,
That in your heart and brest
My love may ever rest.
Kisse me, and good morrow.

The Two Valentines.

There was never kind sweet heart,
That lusted for pleasure,
Could find such a Valentine,
Paffing all treasure.

I have obtain'd the thing,
Which to my heart doth bring
Great joy, which makes me sing,
Kiffe me, and good morrow.

When others sleep in bed,
I lye still musing,
To think on my good hap
I had in chusing;
To find such a Valentine
Bearing a faithfull mind,
Courteous in love, and kind.
Kiffe me, and good morrow.

There is an old proverb,
That birds of a feather
Upon St. Valentines day
Will meet together:
So, when true lovers meet,
With many a kiffe full sweet,
That day each other greet,
With kiffe and good morrow.

All you that have Valentines,
If they be faithful,

You have a great bleſſing ;
Therefore be thankfull,
And kind to them again,
For else, I tel you plain,
Much love is ſpent in vain.
Kiffe, and good morrow..

If my Valentine for my fake
Would be a neat-heard,
Well could I find in heart
To be a ſhepherd ;
To keep ſheep on a hill,
So I might have my will,
To talk with her my fill,
While my flock ſcatters.

Shall I live to deny
My Valentine for ever ?
Refrain her company ?
That I will never.
For if I her refrain,
I must not come again :
Not for all worldly gain,
For love laſts ever.

Adieu to my true love,
Whom I loved ever :
When I am out of fight,
Let not your mind waver.

The Two Valentines.

Though Valentine's day be gone,
And we not both as one,
My love to thee alone
Shall be for ever.

Good night to my Valentine.
Now I have ended,
To stay any longer,
I cannot intend it.
I wish all young men kind,
That bear a faithful mind,
To give their Valentine
A kisse, and good morrow.





The Great Boobee.

To a pleasant new Tune, or "Sellengers Round."

[A remarkable and very droll ballad, relating to old manners and amusements: by various allusions in it we may assign it to the reign of James I. In a previous production (p. 157) we have had the "pictures" at the Royal Exchange mentioned, and we are to take "pictures," here as well as there, in the sense of statues: the words were sometimes synonymous: thus, in "The History of Euordanus," 1605, we read of a tent "on the top of which stood Cupid, &c. aiming directly at a fair picture of marble." Statues were often formerly painted, and this perhaps led to the error, which explains naturally the delusion of Leontes in "The Winter's Tale." There were few tunes more ancient than Sellengers Round: Sir John Hawkins tells us, that it is "the oldest country dance known," but this does not seem to be quite correct: (See Chappell's Nat. Engl. Airs II. 76.) It was excessively popular, from the middle of the reign of Elizabeth to the days of Durfey. The ensuing ballad was "Printed for F. Coles in Wine street, on Saffron-hill, near Hatton Garden."]


 Y friend, if you will understand
 my fortunes what they are,
 I once had cattel, house, and land,
 but now am never the near:
 My father left a good estate,
 as I may tell to thee;
 I couzned was of all I had,
 like a great Boobee.

The Great Boobee.

I went to school with good intent,
and for to learn my book,
And all the day I went to play ;
in it I never did look.
Full seven years, or very nigh,
as I may tell to thee,
I could hardly say my Christ-Cross Row,
like a great Boobee.

My father, then, in all the haste
did set me to the plow,
And for to lash the horse about,
indeed, I knew not how :
My father took his whip in hand,
and soundly lashed me ;
He called me fool, and country clown,
and great Boobee.

But I did from my father run,
for I will plow no more,
Because he had so lashed me,
and made my fides so sore ;
But I will go to London town,
some vashions for to see :
When I came there, they call'd me clown,
and great Boobee.

But as I went along the street
I carried my hat in my hand,

And to every one that I did meet
I bravely bent my band :
Some did laugh, and some did scoff,
and some did mock at me,
And some did say I was a woodcock,
and a great Boobee.

Then I did walk in hast to Pauls,
the steeple for to view,
Because I heard some people say
it should be builded new.
When I got up unto the top,
the city for to see,
It was so high, it made me cry,
like a great Boobee.

From thence I went to Westminster,
and for to see the tombs :
O ! said I, what a house is here,
with an infinite fight of rooms.
Sweetly the Abbey bells did ring,
it was a fine fight to see ;
Methought I was going to Heaven in a string,
like a great Boobee.

But as I went along the street
the most part of the day,
Many gallants did I meet ;
methought they were very gay.

The Great Boobee.

I blew my nose, and ray'd my hose ;
some people did me see,
And said I was a beastly fool,
and a great Boobee.

Next day I through Pye-corner past :
the roast-meat on the stall
Invited me to take a taste ;
my money was but small :
The meat I pickt, the cook me kickt,
as I may tell to thee,
He beat me fore, and made me rore,
like a great Boobee.

As I through Smithfield lately walkt
a gallant lass I met ;
Familiarly with me she talkt,
Which I cannot forget :
She profferd me a pint of wine,
methought she was wondrous free.
To the tavern then I went with her,
like a great Boobee.

She told me we were next of kin,
and calld for wine good store
Before the reckoning was brought in,
my cousin was no more.
My purse she pickt and went away,
my cousin couzned me ;

The Vintner kickt me out of door,
like a great Boobee.

At the Exchange, when I came there,
I saw most gallant things ;
I thought the pictures living were
of all our English kings :
I doft my hat, and made a leg,
and kneeled on my knee :
The people laught, and call'd me fool,
and great Boobee.

To Paris Garden then I went,
where there is great resort :
My pleasure was my punishment,
I did not like the sport.
The garden bull with his stout horns
on high then tossed me,
I did bewray my self with fear
like a great Boobee.

The Bearheard went to save me then,
the people flockt about ;
I told the Bear-garden men
my guts were almost out :
They said I stunk most grievously,
no man would pity me ;
They call'd me witleſſ fool and aſſ,
and great Boobee.

The Great Boobee.

Then o're the water did I pass,
as you shall understand :
I dropt into the Thames, alas !
before I came to land :
The waterman did help me out,
and thus did say to me,
'Tis not thy fortune to be drownd,
like a great Boobee.
But I have learned so much wit
shall shorten all my cares,
If I can but a license get
to play before the bears :
'Twill be a gallant place indeed,
as I may tell to thee ;
Then who dares call me fool, or asf,
or great Boobee ?





The Tragedy of Hero and Leander.

To a pleasant New Tune, or “ I will never love thee more.”

[This ballad is founded upon the

— “ Story of deep love,
How young Leander croff'd the Hellespont,”

which was first made known in English by Christopher Marlowe in his version, published in 1598, five years after his death. Our broadside, “ Printed for R. Burton, at the Horseshoe in West-Smithfield, neer the Hospital-gate,” is not so early by twenty or thirty years ; but we apprehend, it must have been written, and first printed, soon after Marlowe’s paraphrase (completed by Chapman in 1600) had made the incidents popular. It was the work of no very inferior hand, (though evidently corrupted in the copy that has come down to us) and every body will recognise the translation of Martial’s well-known epigram at the close of the second-stanza. In the Pepysian collection, is a ballad, signed William Meash, on the same incidents but a different production, entitled “ Leander’s Love for loyall Hero :” that was “ imprinted at London for J. W.”]



OME, mournful Muse, assist my quill,
whilst I with grief relate
A story of two lovers true,
cut off by cruel fate.

Death onely parts united hearts,
and brings them to their graves ;
Whilst others sleep within the deep,
or perish in the waves. —

The Tragedy of

Leander on the bay of blifs,
Pontus, he naked stood :
In passion of delay he sprang,
into the fatal flood.
The raging seas can none appease,
his fortune ebbs and flows,
The heaven down shewres, and rain down powers,
and the wind aloft it blows.

The lad forsook the land, and did
Unto the Gods complain :
You rocks, you rugged waters,
you elements, hail and rain,
What 'tis to miss true lovers blifs,
alas ! you do not know ;
Make me a wrack as I come back,
But spare me as I go.

Behold on yonder tower, see where
my fair beloved lyes !
This is th' appointed hour ; hark, how
she on Leander cryes !—
The Gods were mute unto his fute,
the billows answered no :
The surges rise up to the skyes,
but he funk down below.

Sweet Hero, like dame Venus fair,
all in her turrit stood,

Expecting of her lover dear,
 who crossing was the flood.
A feeble light through darksome night
 she set her love to guide ;
With wavering arms and loves alarms,
 with a voyce full loud she cry'd :

You cruel waves, some pity show
 unto my dearest friend,
And you tempestuous winds that blow,
 at this time prove more kind.
O ! waft my love secure to shore
 that I his face may see ;
With tears your help I do implore,
 your pitty lend to me.

Let each kind dolphin now befriend,
 and help my love along,
And bring him to his journeys end
 before his breath is gone.
Let not a wave become his grave,
 and part us both for ever :
Pitty my grief, send him relief,
 and help him now or never !

The fierce and cruel tempest did
 most violently rage ;
Not her lament, nor discontents,
 its fury could affwage :

The Tragedy of

The winds were high, and he must dye,
the fates did so ordain ;
It was assign'd he ne'r should find
his dearest love again.

She spred her silken vail, for to
secure the blazing light,
To guide her love, least on the rocks
his wearied limbs should smite ;
But, cruel fate ! it prov'd his date,
and caused him to sleep.
She from above beheld her love
lye drowned in the deep.

Her shewry eyes with tears brought in
the tide before its time ;
Her sad lamenting groans likewise
unto the skyes did clime.
O Heavens ! (quoth she) against poor me
do you your forces bend ?
Then from the walls in haste she falls,
to meet her dying friend.

Her new bedewed arms about
his fenceles corps she clippes,
And many kisses spent in vain
upon his dying lipps :
Then wav'd her hands unto the lands,
Singing with dying pride,

Go, tell the world in billows strong
I with my love have dy'd.

Thus did they both their breath resign
unto the will of fate,
And in the deep imbrace and twine,
when Death did end their date.
Let lovers all example take,
and evermore prove true,
For Hero and Leander's sake,
who bids you all adieu.





The Royal Recreation of jovial Anglers.

To the Tune of "Amarillis."

[F. Coles, T. Vere, W. Gilbertson, and J. Wright, whose names are at the end of this ballad, may have been the original publishers of it, as we doubt if it be much older than the date of the first impression of Walton's "Angler," in 1653. The hour of business on the Royal Exchange is stated in it to be "twixt twelve and one," whereas in the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth and in that of James I., it was between eleven and twelve. William Haughton's comedy "Englishmen for my Money," (printed in 1616 but written in 1598, as appears by Henslowe's Diary p. 119), shews that merchants then attended Change at 11 o'clock, and dined at 12 o'clock. There is no other very distinct note of time in the ballad, the full title of which is, "The Royal Recreation of jovial Anglers,"

Proving that all men are Intanglers,
And all Professions are turn'd Anglers."

The tune seems comparatively modern, as we do not find it in any early collection.]



F all the recreations which
attend on human nature,
There's nothing sores so high a pitch,
or is of such a stature,
As is a subtle Anglers life
in all mens approbation;

For Anglers tricks do daily mix
with every corporation.

When Eve and Adam liv'd by love,
and had no cause for jangling,
The Devil did the waters move,
the serpent fell to angling :
He baits his hook with godlike look,
quoth he, this will intangle her ;
The woman chops, and down she drops :
the Devil was the first Angler.

Physitians, lawyers, and divines
are most ingenious janglers,
And he that tryes shall find, in fine,
that all of them are Anglers :
Whilst grave divines doe fish for souls,
physitians, like curmudgeons,
Do bait with health to fish for wealth,
And lawyers fish for gudgeons.

A politician, too, is one
concern'd in pescatory ;
He writes and fights, unites and flights,
to purchase wealth and glory.
His plummet sounds the kingdom's bounds,
to make the fishes nibble :
He draws them with a pack of lies,
and blinds them with a quibble.

The Royal Recreation

A fisherman subdued a place,
in spight of locks and staples :
The warlike Massianello was
a fisherman of Naples ;
Commanded forty thousand men,
and prov'd a royal wrangler :
You ne're shall see the like again
of such a famous Angler.

Upon the Exchange, twixt twelve and one,
meets many a neat intangler :
Most merchant-men, not one in ten,
but is a cunning Angler ;
And (like the fishes in the brooke)
brother doth fish for brother.
A golden bait hangs at the hooke,
and they fish for one another.

A shopkeeper I next preferr,
a formal man in black, sir,
That throws his angle every where,
and cryes "What is't you lack, sir ?
Fine silks and stuffs, or hoods and muffs ?"
but if a courtier prove the intangler,
My citizen must look too't then,
or the fish will catch the Angler.

A lover is an Angler, too,
and baits his hooke with kisses ;

He playes, and toyes, and fain would do,
but often times he misses :
He gives her rings, and such fine things
as fan, or muff, or night-hood ;
But if you'l cheat a city peat,
you must bait her with a knight-hood.

There is no Angler like a wench
just rising in the water ;
She'l make you leave both trout and tench,
and throw yourself in after.

Your hook and line she will confine,
the intangled is the intangler ;
And this, I fear, hath spoyl'd the ware
of many a jovial Angler.

If you will trowl for a scriveners soul,
cast in a rich young gallant :
To take a courtier by the powl
throw out a golden tallent ;
And yet, I doubt, the draught will not
compound for half the charge on't ;
But if you'l catch the Devil at a snatch,
go bait him with a sergeant.

Thus have I made the Anglers trade
to stand above defiance,
For like the mathematick art,
it runs through every science.

Recreation of jovial Anglers.

If with my angling song I can
with mirth and pleasure feaze yee,
Ile bait my hook with wit again,
And angle still to please ye.

FINIS.





Keep a good tongue in your head.

To the Tune of "The Milkmaids, &c."

[In Walton's "Angler," first printed in 1653, the six earliest lines of this ballad are printed with some slight variations; and they are coupled with eight other lines from the ballad which follows next in our collection, as if they were one and the same song: they are both given to Maudlin in Walton's work, and the fact we have stated forms a new illustration of it. Both ballads were written by Martin Parker, a well known name in our ephemeral literature in the reign of Charles I, and during the Protectorate: his initials are at the end of each, and he seldom put his name at full length. He was author of the celebrated "True Tale of Robin Hood," and of the more notorious song of "When the King enjoys his own again." Of the periods of his birth or burial we have no knowledge. The broadside we have used is entitled, "Keep a good tongue in your head, for

Here's a very good woman in every respect,
But only her tongue breeds all her defect."

It was "Printed at London for Thomas Lambert at the Horshoo in Smithfield" about 1640.]

MARRY'D a wife of late,
the more's my unhappy fate;
I tooke her for love,
As fancy did me move,
and not for her worldly state.
For qualities rare
Few with her compare;

Keep a good tongue

let me doe her no wrong :
I must confess,
Her cheefe amisse
Is onely this,
As some wives is,
 she cannot rule her tongue.

She hath as sweet a face
 as any in seaven miles space ;
Her eyes christalline
Like diamonds doe shine,
 she looks with a modest grace :
Her haire is like flax,
Her lips are red wax,
 that seal'd the bond so strong
Twixt her and I,
That till I die
Ile justifie
Her constancy ;
 but she cannot rule her tongue.

Her cheeks are red as the rose
 which June for her glory shows :
Her teeth on a row
Stand like a wall of snow
 between her round chin and her nose.
Her shoulders are decent,
Her armes white and pleasant,
 her fingers are small and long :

No fault I find,
But, in my minde,
Most womenkind
Must come behind :
 O, that she could rule her tongue !

Her breasts like Pyreene hills,
 which nature yearly fils,
With liquor that by ods
Doth passe the drink o' th' gods ;
 all nectar it far excels :
With this she doth feed
The twigs that proceed
 from our affections strong.
Shee's fruitful as
The springing grasse,
No time lets passe,
And yet, alas !
 she cannot rule her tongue.

Her body, which I have oft
 embraced, so smooth and soft,
Is slender and white
Proportioned aright ;
 tis straight as any shaft.
Her leg is compleat,
Her foot's fine and neat,
 tis neither too short nor too long :

Keep a good tongue

In every part
Dame Nature's art
Gives her the start :
With all my heart
I wish she could rule her tongue.

As she in feature excels
wel nye most women else,
Even so doth her wit,
If shee'l make use of it,
as daily experience tels :
I cannot deny it,
If she be at quiet
her speeches will do no wrong :
Shee'l laugh and smile,
New termes shee'l file,
Yet in a while
Shee'l change her stile,
and cannot rule her tongue.

With eloquence she will dispute ;
few women can her confute :
She sings and she playes,
And she knowes all her keyes
on the vial de gambo, or lute.
Shee'l dance with a grace,
Her measures shee'l trace
as doth unto art belong :.

She is a girle
Fit for an Earle,
Not for a churle :
She were worth a pearle,
if she could but rule her tongue.

Her needle she can use well ;
in that she doth most excell :
She can spin and knit,
And every thing fit,
as all her neighbours can tell.
Her fingers apace,
At weaving bone-lace,
She useth all day long :
All arts that be
To women free,
Of each degree,
Performeth she.
O, that she could rule her tongue !

For huswifery she doth exceed ;
she looks to her businesse with heed :
Shee's early and late
Emploid, I dare say't,
to see all things well succeede.
She is very wary
To looke to her dary,
as doth to her charge belong :

Keep a good tongue in your head.

Her servants all
Are at her call,
But shee'l so brawle,
That stil I shall
 wish that she could rule her tongue.

With all that hath bin said
 no woman neede be dismaid,
Sith I have not beene
Incensed through spleene
 in this spacious river to wade :
I none doe disparage,
To hinder their marriage,
 but wish both old and yong
Great heed to take,
When choice they make
For vertues sake :
No venomous snake
 stings like a womans tongue.

M. P.

FINIS.



The Milke-maids Life.

To a curious new Tune, called “The Milke-maids Dumps.”

[This is the ballad referred to in our introduction to the preceding, as having had eight lines quoted from it by Walton in his “Angler,” (p. 152, edit. 1808). They form the conclusion of our sixth stanza, but Walton either printed from a different copy to that we have used, or he altered one of the lines. He does not state who was the author, but the initials at the end of the Roxburghe broadside shew that it was by Martin Parker. Both this and the last ballad were written to the same tune, which in one case is called “the Milkmaids &c.” and in the other “the Milkmaids Dumps :” a “dump” was a species of dance, as well as a poem. (Collier’s Shakespeare, vi. 478.) The ensuing, like the foregoing, ballad was “Printed at London for T. Lambert;” and to the title of “The Milke-Maids Life” is added the following couplet,

“A pretty new ditty, composed and pend,
The praise of the Milking paile to defend.”

The last stanza but one proves that the ballad was written before “the downfal of May-games” under the puritans.]



YOU rural goddesses,
that woods and fields posseſſe,
Affiſt me with your ſkill,
That may direct my quill
more jocundly to expreſſe
The mirth and delight,
Both morning and night,
on mountaine or in dale,

The Milke-maids Life.

Of them who chuse
This trade to use,
And through cold dewes
Doe never refuse
 to carry the milking payle.

The bravest lasses gay
 live not so merry as they :
In honest civil fort
They make each other sport,
 as they trudge on their way.
Come faire or foul weather,
They're fearefull of neither ;
 their courages never quale :
In wet and dry,
Though winds be hye,
And darke's the sky,
They nere deny
 to carry the milking paile.

Their hearts are free from care,
 they never will despaire,
What ever them befall ;
They bravely beare out all,
 and fortunes frowns out-dare.
They pleasantly sing
To welcome the spring,
 'gainst heaven they never rayle :

If graffe wel grow
Their thankes they show,
And frost or snow,
They merrily goe
 along with the milking paile.

Base idlenesse they doe scorne :
 they rise very early i' th' morn,
And walk into the field,
Where pretty birds doe yeeld
 brave musick on every thorn :
The linet and thrush
Doe sing on each bush ;
 and the dulcid nightingale
Her note doth straine
In a jocund vaine,
To entertaine
That worthy traine,
 which carry the milking paile.

Their labor doth health preserve ;
 no doctors rules they observe,
While others, too nice
In taking their advice,
 look alwaies as though they wold starve.
Their meat is digested,
They nere are molested,
 no sicknesse doth them affaile :

The Milke-maids Life.

Their time is spent
In merriment ;
While limbs are lent,
They are content
to carry the milking paile.

Those lasses nice and strange,
that keep shops in the Exchange,
Sit pricking of clouts,
And giving of flouts ;
they feldome abroad doe range :
Then comes the green ficknesse,
And changeth their likenesse,
all this for want of good sale ;
But tis not so,
As prooфе doth show,
By them that goe
In frost and snow,
to carry the milking paile.

If they any sweet-hearts have,
that do affection crave,
Their priviledge is this,
Which many others misse,
they can give them welcome brave.
With them they may walke,
And pleasantly talke,
with a bottle of wine or ale :

The gentle cow
Doth them allow,
As they know how.
God speed the plow,
and blesse the milking paile !

Upon the first of May,
with garlands fresh and gay,
With mirth and musick sweet,
For such a season meet,
they passe their time away :
They dance away sorrow,
And all the day thorow
their legs doe never fayle ;
They nimblely
Their feet doe ply,
And bravely try
The victory,
in honour o' th' milking paile.

If any thinke that I
doe practise flattery,
In seeking thus to raise
The merry milkmaids praise,
Ile to them thus reply.
It is their desert
Inviteth my art
to study this pleasant tale ;

The Milke-maids Life.

In their defence
Whose innocence,
And providence,
Gets honest pence
out of the milking paile.

M. P.

FINIS.





The Batchelor's feast.

To a pleasant New Tune, called "With a hie dil do dill."

[The initials at the end of this song are those of Lawrence Price, who not unfrequently put his name at length, and was a highly popular ballad-writer during the Civil Wars, although no notice has been taken of him in modern collections. He was also author of several chap-books, some of them of a political tendency, such as "A new Disputation betweene the two Lordly Bishops, Yorke and Canterbury," 1642. 8vo. &c. The entire title of the following ballad runs thus:—

“ The Bachelor's Feast, or

The difference betwixt a single life and a double,
Being the Batchelors pleasure, and the married man's trouble.”

It was “ Printed at London for J. W. the younger, dwelling at the upper end of the Old Bayly.”]

AS I walkt forth of late,
where graffe and flowers spring,
I heard a Bachelor
within an harbour sing :
The tenor of his song
contain'd much melodie ;
It is a gallant thing
to live at liberty.
With hie dill do dill,
hie ho dildurlie,

The Batchelors feast.

*It is a delighful thing
to live at liberty.*

Wee Batchelors can flaunt
in country and in towne,
And in good company
may merily spend a crowne :
Wee may doe as wee list,
our lives from cares are free ;
O ! 'tis a gallant thing
to live at liberty.

With hie dill &c.

No cradle have wee to rocke,
nor children that doe cry,
No land-lords rent to pay,
no nurses to supply ;
No wife to scold and brawle,
we still keepe good company
With them that take delight
to live at liberty.

With hie dill &c.

While married men doe lie
with worldly cares opprest,
Wee Batchelors can sleepe,
and sweetly take our rest.
O ! married men must seeke
for gossips and a nurse,

Which heavie makes the heart,
but light it makes the purse.

With hie dill &c.

A man, that doth intend
to lead a quiet life,
Must practise day and night
to please his longing wife :
New fashions must be had
as oft as shee them see.
O ! tis a pleasant thing
to live at liberty.

With hie dill &c.

The taylor must be payd
for making of her gowne ;
The shoemakers for fine shoes,
or else thy wife will frowne :
For bands, fine ruffes and cuffes
thou must dispence as free.

O ! tis a gallant thing
to live at liberty.

With hie dill &c.

A wife must also have
a beaver of the best,
That shee may flaunt it out,
and goslip with the rest :

The Batchelors feast.

Wrought quaiffes and cobweb lawne
her daily weare must bee.

O ! tis a lightsome thing
to live at liberty.

With hie dill &c.

Yet all this pleafeth not,
except that thou doſt burſe
Both gold and ſilver coyne,
to carry in her purſe,
To taverne when ſhe hies,
where ſhee ſhall merry bee.

O ! tis a gallant thing
to live at liberty.

With hie dill &c.

Some think a ſingle life
to bee a dayly trouble,
But many men doe wed
and make their ſorrowes double :

Therefore, I wiſh young men
in time be rul'd by mee,
And learne to ſing this ſong,
to live at liberty.

With hie dill &c.

Except a vertuous wife
a young man chance to find,
That will induſtrious be,
and beare a moideſt mind,

Hee better were to live
still single, as we see ;
For 'tis a gallant thing
to live at liberty.

With hie dill &c.

Now, will I heere conclude ;
I will no one offend,
Wishing that every shrew
her qualities would amend ;
And that all Batchelors
may now be rul'd by mee,
To chuse a loving wife,
or live at liberty.

With hie dill &c.

L. P.





The Mifer and the Prodigal.

To the Tune of “To drive the cold winter away.”

[This production, in two parts, has the initials N. P. at the end, which may have been an error for M. P. *i. e.* Martin Parker; but it seems likely that it is older than his time, having been, as we are informed at the end of the first part only, “Printed for Henry Goffon:” perhaps his edition was a reprint, and the expression, in the second part, “Let the welkin roar” carries us back to the times of Ancient Pistol and “Henry IV.” The title of the first part is the following couplet,

“ Come, worldling, see what paines I here do take
To gather gold, while here on earth I rake;”

and to this is added, in reference to the second part, “What the Father gathered by the rake, the Sonne doth scatter with the forke.” The second part is introduced by these two lines:—

“ Come, Prodigals, yourselves that love to flatter,
Behold my fall, that with the forke doth scatter.”

It has no printer’s nor publisher’s name.—If N. P. were a misprint for N. B., we might attribute these two moral and satirical effusions to Nicholas Breton, who often wrote under his initials, and who flourished in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. They are not unlike his style, but have rather more humour.]



OME, come, my brave gold,
Which I love to behold,
come to me, and Ile give you rest,
Where as you may fleepe,

And I safely will keepe
you lockt in my yron bound cheft.
No thieves you shall feare,
You in pieces to teare,
such care of you I will take :
Come to me, and flye,
Gold angels ! I cry,
And Ile gather you all with my rake.

Come, silver and all,
When as I doe call,
your beauties to me are so bright ;
I love you so deare,
I pray you come neere,
and be you not wavering or light :
Your weight so you have,
Come glistering and brave,
then, you I will never forsake,
But heape you together,
Against rainy weather,
And gather you all with my rake.

Rich jewels and plate
By no meanes I hate,
with diamonds, saphirs, or rings ;
The carbuncle red
Stands me in like stead,
or any other rich things.

The Miser and the Prodigal.

The emerald greene,
Like the spring that is seene,
gold chains, or the like, I will take :
I have a kind heart,
With my coyne I will part,
so I may get all with my rake.

But yet heare me, friend ;
No money Ile lend,
without a good pawn you do bring,
But Ile tell to thee
How a knave cheated me
one time with a base copper ring :
With me it bred strife,
It neere cost me my life,
halfe a crowne on the same he did take ;
But Ile have more care
Of such knaves to beware,
how such copper together I rake.

On leases or lands,
On very good bands,
good security likewise provide :
If wee can agree,
Then my coyne it flyes free,
if not, your cold suit is deny'd.
To foe or to friend
No money Ile lend ;

as they brew, so let them bake :
This rule I observe,
Let them hang or starve,
if I cannot get with my rake.

And those that doe lacke
To the highth I doe racke,
I know that they money must have :
Some morgage their lands,
Which fall in my hands,
to domineere and to goe brave.
If they faile of their day,
And have not to pay,
a seizure on them I doe make.
Although I goe bare,
Yet I have a care
my gold and my silver to rake.

Let the poore widdowes cry,
Let their children dye,
let their father in prison goe rot,
What is that to me ?
Their wealth is my fee,
for I have their livings now got.
Whole lordships and lands
Are falne to my hands,
and use of them all I will make ;
My bags full of coyne,

The Miser and the Prodigal.

And my purse I doe lyne
with that which together I rake.

Thus rich usury,
Ne're thinking to dye,
 nor on his poore soule have a care,
With one foot in the grave,
Yet more wealth he doth crave,
 and his backe and his belly doth spare :
At whose cost he dine,
With good cheere and wine,
 he cares not at whose hands he take ;
Not a penny hee'l spend,
Nor without a pawne lend,
 The Divell and all he will rake.

But now comes grim Death,
And ceaseth his breath,
 his tree of life is withered ;
This wretch so unkind,
His wealth leaves behind,
 and is a poore worme being dead.
But now, pray, give eare
To that you shall heare,
 his heire what a course he will take,
That day he did dye
In his grave he did lye,
 And the sexton the earth on him rake.

THE SECOND PART.

ROOME ! roome for a friend,
That his money will spend ;
old Flatcap is laid in his grave :
Hee kept me full poore,
But now I will roare ;
his lands and his livings I have.
The tide of gold flowes,
And wealth on me growes ;
hee's dead, and for that tis no matter :
Great use he did take,
And for me did rake,
which now with the forke I will scatter.

I now must turn gallant,
That have such a talent ;
what need I to take any care ?
I tell thee, good friend,
'Tis mine owne which I spend,
for I was my father's owne heire.
No blade here shall lacke :
Give us claret and facke !
hang pinching, it is against nature.
Lets have all good cheere,
Cost it never so deare,
for I with my forke will scatter.

The Miser and the Prodigal.

Let me have a lasse,
That faire Venus doth passe ;
give me all delights that I may :
Ile make my gold fly
Aloft in the skie ;
I thinke it will never be day.
Let the welkin roare !
Ile never give o're :
Tobacco, and with it strong water,
I meane for to drinke
Untill I doe sinke,
for I with my forke will scatter.

And let musicke play
To me night and day,
I scorne both my silver and gold.
Brave gentlemen all,
Ile pay what you call ;
with me, I beseech you, be bold :
Dice run low or high,
My gold it shall fly,
I mean for to keep a brave quarter ;
Let the cards goe and come,
I have a great sum
That I with my forke will scatter.

Let carouses goe round,
Till some fall to the ground,

and here's to my mistresse her health;
Then, let's take no care,
For no cost wee'l spare :
hang money, I have store of wealth.

My father it got,
And now, falne to my lot,
I scorne it as I doe morter ;
For coyne was made round
To stand on no ground,
And I with my forke will it scatter.

My lordships to sell
I thinke would doe well ;
ill gotten goods never doe thrive :
Let's spend while we may,
Each dog hath his day,
Ile want not while I am alive.
Come, drawers, more sacke !
And see what we lacke ;
for money Ile send a porter.
Brave gallants, ne're feare,
For wee'l domineere,
For I with my forke will scatter.

Come, drink to my friend,
And let the health end ;
my coffers and pockets are empty :
I now have no more,

The Miser and the Prodigal.

That had wont to have store ;
there's scarcity where there was plenty.
My friends are all gone,
And left me alone ;
I think I must now drink cold water :
There's nought but sad woe
Upon me doth grow,
Because with my forke I did scatter.

Now, this is the story
Of prodigal glory,
who thought that he never shold lack :
No drinke, nor no meat,
Now he hath to eat,
nor cloathes for to put on his back.
His friends they forsake him,
And woe doth o're take him,
because he was too free of nature,
That never did mind
How Time comes behind,
who mows, though with fork he did scatter.

His leaves they grew greene,
But they were not seene,
for autumn them quickly did kill :
Then, let youth beware,
And have a great care,
and trust not too much to their will ;

Leaſt prison them catch,
Or a house without thatch,
 and glad of brown bread and cold water:
To God thanks let's give,
And in a meane live,
 having a care how we doe scatter.

FINIS.





Wit's never good till 'tis bought.

To the Tune of “Basse’s Carreere.”

[This excellent didactic ballad was “Printed at London for Thomas Lambert,” and, like many more, may be pronounced a reprint of an older production: how much older must be matter of speculation, but no earlier copy is known. On the broadside, after the burden, which is made the title, we are told that it contains

“Good counsell for improvident men,
Fit to make use of now and then.”

There is an impression of it for the same publisher in the Pepysian Library. The tune to which it was sung, “Basse’s Carreere,” means of course the tune mentioned in Walton’s Angler “The Hunter in his career,” composed, as he states, by William Basse, who was a writer in the early part of the reign of James I.]


 NCE musing alone
 upon things many a one,
 Well observ’d, and knowne by my selfe,
 especially how
 that which late did flow,
 I have wasted and now I want pelfe :
 this vexed me sore,
 and made me deplore
 That I had not before of it thought :
 from experience I learn’d,

what I since have discern'd,
That true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

Full many a time,
when I was in my prime,
My ambition to climbe honors hill
did me forward pricke,
but my jade did so kicke,
And dame fortune a trick found to kill
my hope in the bloome,
and debased my plume ;
I did further presume than I ought :
then I wisht I had stayd
at my own proper trade ;
But true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

To fight and to brawle,
and to quarrell with all,
And my betters miscall I have us'd ;
but with woe I did find
all are not of one minde,
Though I oft in some kind was excus'd :
yet sometimes I got
a knocke with a pot,
When to speake, and when not, thus I'me taught ;
now, where ever I come,
Ile keepe peace in the roome :
Thus true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

I used to roare,
and to drinke on the score,
And never thought more on the shot:
come, Tapster, said I,
one tooth still is dry,
Then fill's (by and by) tother pot.
I cal'd still apace,
but within a short space
Into a strong place I was brought;
Then for eight houre's waste
foure days I must fast:
Thus true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

I once had command
Of houses and land,
Thus my case well did stand among men;
but moved with pride,
and contention beside,
I would wrangle and chide now and then.
If a horse I but found
to leape into my ground,
Straightway to the pound he was brought:
now I wish I had still
kept my neighbours good will,
But true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

This rancor and spleene
my ruine hath beene,

As may plainly be seene by my state ;
contention in law
did my purse empty draw,
Which I never foresaw til too late :
upon every flight thing
I my action would bring,
But my hands now I wring with the thought :
now I wish I had that
which hath made others fat ;
But true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

In company base,
that are voyd of all grace,
I came often in place, by meere chance ;
but with being with them,
whom alone I'de condemne,
I'de in presence esteeme and advance ;
but being apart,
catechising my heart,
It much sorrow and smart hath me brought :
then, with sad melancholly
I weepe for my folly.
Thus wit's never good till 'tis bought.

Besides, now and then,
I have hapned with men
That too cunning have been at the catch,
and then, in my drinke,

Wit's never good

I with paper and inke
 Have made, I did thinke, a good match ;
 but after, when I
 more deliberately
 The busynesse to try-all had brought,
 I have found my selfe cheated,
 And basely defeated :
 Thus wit's never good till 'tis bought.

Moreover, I have
 told my mind to a knave,
 Thinking him truly grave, truly just ;
 I my heart have expos'd,
 And my secrets disclos'd,
 As a friend I repos'd on his trust :
 but the rascall ignoble,
 his heart being double,
 Me much woe and trouble hath wrought ;
 But I've learnd, ere since that,
 to take heed of my chat.
 Thus true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

When I was a lad
 a good service I had,
 Then my minde was to gad-ding full bent ;
 though I nothing did lacke,
 nor for belly nor backe,
 Yet I was not with that well content :

but upon small distaste
my self I displaſt,

Thus my downfall in haste then I fough't ;
Since I wiſht to obtaine
what I oft did diſdaine :

Thus true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

Too willing I was
my owne credite to paſſe,
Now I find it, alas ! to my paine,
that with ſetting my hand
To another man's band,
For to ſell house and land I was faine.
I have paſſed my word
for what others have ſcor'd,
And I oft, like a bird, have bin caught,
in the priſon to ſtay
where I ſung *Lachrima* :
Thus true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

If any of thoſe
that are (caufeleſſe) my foes
Should ſo raſhly ſuppoſe in their hearts,
that all in this ſong
to my ſelfe doth belong,
Their conjecture is wrong for their part,
whoever they be,
where they ſome thing may fee

Wit's never good till 'tis bought.

By which every degree may be taught:
what ere's thy profession,
thou maist learne this lesson,
That wit's never good till 'tis bought.

FINIS.





A Caveat for Cut-purses.

To the Tune of "Packingtons Pound."

[This singular ballad preceded the Restoration, and indeed the Civil Wars, and the mention in it of Dun, the public hangman, is one proof of its date. A person of the name of Derrick filled that office towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth (Malone's Suppl. 2. 602) and until 1616: Dun seems to have succeeded him, and he continued to discharge the duties for thirty or forty years, until the appointment of "Mr. John Ketch," whose name (which gave an appellation to all his successors) first occurs in the epilogue to Dryden's "Duke of Guise." The notice in what follows of the performances of players at Bartholomew Fair shews how early theatres were erected there; and the other local and temporary allusions are extremely curious. It is to be observed that the Ballad-singer speaks in his own person; and, were it not for the conclusion, we might suppose that the production was a "jig," which had been performed by a comic actor at the Curtain, the Red Bull or some other popular place of amusement: as early as 1592 cut-purses complained that they had been exposed, and "their trade spoiled" by "singing jigs" at theatres. (Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, III. 380.) Swift mentions "the tune of the Cut-purse," which may have been derived from this ballad, and another name for "Packington's Pound," so long popular. The full title of our ballad (which was "Printed for W. Gilbertson") is "A Caveat for Cutpurses. With a warning to all purse-carriers, shewing the confidence of the first, and the carelessness of the last, with necessary admonitions for them both, lest the Hangman get the one, and the Begger the other.")]



Y masters, and friends, and good people draw
near,

And look to your purses for that I do say;
And though little money in them you do bear,

A Caveat for Cut-purses.

It cost you more to get, then to lose in a day.

You oft have been told,

Both the young and the old,

And bidden beware of the Cut-purse so bold :

Then, if you take heed not, free me from the curse,
Who both give you warning for, and the Cut-purse.
Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy nurse,
Then live to be hanged for cutting a purse.

It hath been upbraided to men of my trade,

That oftentimes we are the cause of this crime :

Alack, and for pity ! why should it be said,

As if they regarded or places or time ?

Examples have been

Of some that were seen

In Westminster-hall, yea, the pleaders between :
Then, why should the Judges be free from this curse,
More then my poor self is for cutting the purse ?

Youth, youth &c.

At Worster, tis known well, and even in the jaile,

A knight of good worship did there shew his face
Against the foul sinners in zeale for to raire,

And so lost, *ipso facto*, his purse in the place.

Nay, once from his seat

Of judgement so great,

A Judge there did lose a fair purse of velvete.

Oh, Lord ! for thy mercy, how wicked, or worse,

A Caveat for Cut-purses.

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Are those that so venture their necks for a purse !
Youth, youth &c.

At playes, and at sermons, and at the Sessions
'Tis daily their practise such booty to make ;
Yea, under the gallows, at executions,
they stick not the stare-abouts purses to take :
 Nay, one without grace,
 At a better place,
At Court and in Christmas, before the King's face ;
Alack then for pitty ! must I bear the curse
That only belongs to the cunning Cut-purse ?
 Youth, youth &c.

But oh ! you vile nation of Cutpurses all
 Relent and repent, and amend and be sound,
And know that you ought not by honest mens fall
 Advance your own fortunes to dye above ground ;
 And though you go gay
 In filks, as you may,
It is not the highway to Heaven, as they say.
Repent then, repent you, for better for worse,
And kiss not the gallows for cutting a purse.
 Youth, youth &c.

The Players do tell you, in Bartholmew Faire,
 What secret consumptions and rasçals you are ;
For one of their Actors, it seems, had the fate

A Caveat for Cut-purses.

By some of your trade to be fleeced of late :

Then, fall to your prayers,

You that are way-layers,

They're fit to chouse all the world, that can cheat

Players ;

For he hath the art, and no man the worse,

Whose cunning can pilfer the pilferer's purse.

Youth, youth &c.

The plain Country man, that comes staring to London,

If once you come near him he quickly is undone,

For when he amazedly gazeth about,

One treads on his toes, and the other puls't out :

Then, in a strange place,

Where he knows no face,

His mony is gone, tis a pittifull case.

The Divel of hell in his trade is not worse,

Then Gilter and Diver, and Cutter of purse.

Youth, youth &c.

The poor servant maid wears her purse in her placket,

A place of quick feeling, and yet you can take it ;

Nor is she aware that you have done thefeat,

Untill she is going to pay for her meat :

Then she cryes and rages

Amongst the baggages,

And sswears at one thrust she hath lost all her wages ;

For she is ingaged her own to disburse,

To make good the breach of the cruel Cut-purse.
Youth, youth &c.

Your eyes and your fingers are nimble of growth,
But Dun many times hath been nimbler then both ;
Yet you are deceived by many a flut,
But the Hangman is only the Cut-purses cut.
It makes you to vex
When he bridles your necks,
And then, at the last, what becomes of your tricks?
But when you should pray, you begin for to curse
The hand that first shew'd you to slash at a purse.
Youth, youth &c.

But now to my hearers this counsel I give,
And pray, friends, remember it as long as you live ;
Bring out no more cash in purse, pocket or wallet,
Then one single penny to pay for this ballet ;
For Cut-purse doth shrowd
Himself in a cloud,

There's many a purse hath been lost in a crowd ;
For he's the most rogue that doth crowd up, and curses,
Who first cryes, " my Masters, beware of your purses."
Oh youth ! thou hadst better been starv'd by thy nurse,
Then live to be hanged for cutting a purse.

FINIS.



The Householders New-year's Gift.

To the Tune of "Where is my true love."

[This excellent musical dialogue between a Husband and a Wife, the first complaining of poverty, and the last cheering him in his misfortunes, was unquestionably written in a dear year, such as Stow describes 1596, when wheat was sold as high as six, seven and eight shillings a bushel, or 1597 when the price rose to thirteen shillings (Annals 1615 p. 1279). Although the only known edition of what follows was "Printed for F. Coules dwelling in the Old Bayly," we may feel assured that it originally came out nearly half a century earlier. The title at length is in these terms:—"The Housholders New-yeeres Gift, Containing a pleasant Dialogue between the Husband and his Wife, pleasant to be regarded." Whenever it was first printed, it was obviously at the commencement of a new year.]

W.

GRIEVE no more, sweet husband,
to grieve it is in vaine ;
Little it availeth
to grieve, or else complaine :
Then, shew thy need to no man,
for it doth breed disdaine.
Now comes a good new yeare.

H. Alacke, and alas for woe !
how can I chuse ?

The world is grown so cruell,
that friendship few doe use :
Flattery gets credit,
plaine troth it overthowes.
O Lord ! send a good new yeare.

W. The world is deceitfull,
then trust it not, my deare ;
But take this comfort to thee,
thy saddest thoughts to cheere :
The Lord will never leave them,
where true love doth appeare ;
And God send a merry new yeare !

H. What comfort can I take, wife,
when sorrow is so great ?
Misery on all fides
doth us alwayes threat ;
When labour is too little
to finde us bread and meat.
O Lord ! send a good new yeare.

Scarcitie is planted
in village and in towne :
We see our neighbours children
goe begging up and downe ;
Few persons do relieve them,
but all at them doe frowne.
O Lord ! send a good new yeare.

The Householders

W. Greedinesse is causer,
good husband, of this ill :
Pride, that madding monstre,
kind charitie doth kill.
Lord Jesus ! soon amend it
according to thy will ;
And send us a merry new yeare.

H. Corne in every market
so deare we dayly see,
We pay more for a bushell,
then wee were wont for three :
This cuts the hearts of poore men,
and this undoeth me.
O Lord ! send a good new yeare.

W. Why husband, this hath caused
so many at this day
To pinch their pretty bellies
within their garments gay ;
And all they thinke too little
upon themselves to lay.
Good Lord ! send a merry new yeere.

H. Sweet wife, a thousand sorrowes
doe yet torment my minde,
To thinke for all my labour
how I am still behinde ;
And for the same no remedy,

alacke ! that I can finde.
Good Lord ! send a merry new yeere.

W. Take courage, gentle husband,
and hearken what I say :
After freezing January
commeth pleasant May ;
There is no storne so cruell,
but comes as faire a day.
Good Lord ! send a merry new yeere.

H. Gentle wife, I tell thee,
my very heart is done ;
The world's great calamitie
no way can I shunne,
For still in debt and danger
more and more I runne.
Good Lord ! send a merry new yeere.

W. Be content, sweet husband,
and hearken unto me :
The Lord is still as mercifull
as he was wont to bee.
Goe thou, and ply thy labour,
and I will worke with thee.
Good Lord ! send a merry new yeere.

I will not be idle,
but I will card and spin ;

Householders New-year's Gift.

I will save together
that thou bringest in :
No man for a debt is hanged ;
then, passe thou not a pin,
And God send a merry new yeere !

H. Deare wife, thy gentle speeches
revive me at the heart,
To see thee take my poverty
in such a gentle part :
If God doe ever raise me,
thou shalt have thy desert ;
And God send a merry new yeere !

W. Poverty, sweet husband,
oft time hath been blamed,
But poverty with honesty
never yet was shamed.
The rich man discontented
may be a poor man named ;
But God send a merry new yeere !

What thou want'st in riches
I will supply in love ;
Thou shalt be my honey,
and I thy turtle dove :
Thou art my beloved,
no sorrow shall remove ;
And God send a merry new yeere !



The Times Abuses.

To the Tune of "Over and under."

[A remarkable personal ballad relating to a well known character of the reigns of James I. and Charles I, who went about the streets in rags and was universally called by the name of Mull'd-sack, in reference, doubtless, to his once favourite beverage. It was "Printed for J. Wright, dwelling in Gilt-spur-street," and no other copy but that we have used is known to exist. After the title, "The Times Abuses," come the following explanatory but not very grammatical lines :

"Muld-Sacke his grievances briefly expreſt,
Shewing the causes doth his mind molest ;
But yet he merry makes, and dedicates
This ſong in love to all which baſeneſſe hates."

The allusions to, and descriptions of the various occupations in London are amusing and curious.]

ATTEND, my masters, and give eare,
whilst here I doe relate
The base injurious flanders
are throwne on me in hate :
My wrongs and great abuses
so commonly are knowne,
As in a ſong, to right my wrong,
ſhall instantly be showne.
They call me fulding Muld-sacke,
when drinke I have got none :
Cannot they looke to their buſineſſe,
and let Muld-Sack alone ?

The Times Abuses.

If I sometimes a pot or so
doe drinke for recreation,
My reckning paid, away I goe,
and follow my vocation ;
Not any good man grieving,
offensive for to be,
By rooking or deceiving ;
from that my thoughts are free..
They call me fudling Muld-Sacke,
when drinke I have got none :
Cannot they thinke on the blacke jacke,
and let Muld-Sacke alone ?

As I along the streets doe sing
the people flocke about me,
No harme to any one I meane,
yet jeeringly they flout me :
The bar-boyes and the tapsters
leave drawing of their beere,
And running forth in haste they cry,
“ See, where Muld-Sacke comes here ! ”
Thus am I jeered by them,
though harme I doe them none :
Cannot they looke to their small cans,
and let Muld-Sacke alone ?

The jeering cunning curtezan,
and rooking roaring boy,

Which day and night doe take delight
in drunkennesse to joy,
They with their pimps and panders,
Decoyes, and cheating knaves,
Which run to wenches, drinks and roars,
and simple men deceives,
They have no grace to guide well,
and conscience they have none ;
Cannot they take heed of Bridewell,
and let Muld-sacke alone ?

The glutton rich that feedeth
of beefe and mutton store,
And hates the poore that needeth,
which goes from doore to doore,
And will not spend his money
but for the love of drinke,
And grieves to give a penny,
so well he loves his chinke,
Too many such alive is,
of whom I am sure he's one :
Cannot he remember Dives,
and let Muld-Sacke alone ?

Tearme-trotting petty-foggers,
which are so fine and nice,
Will drinke, if they meet rightly,
a cup of ale and spice ;

Yet must they take their chamber
before they doe begin,
And if they can but hide it,
they thinke it is no finne ;
When I in the streets walke open
to the view of every one.
Cannot they looke to their clyents,
and let Muld-Sacke alone ?

The jeering fleering coxcombe,
with hands behind his backe,
All day, which stands from morn til night,
to cry " what doe you lacke ?"
With scoffing, and with taunting,
will by the sleeve me pull,
" What is't you'l buy ?" he'l to me cry,
yet, like a brainlesse gull,
He'l cast on me a scornfull looke,
though harme I doe him none :
Cannot he looke to his shop-booke,
and let Muld-Sacke alone ?

The taylors fawcie prentices,
as I do passe along,
They at my head will cast their shreds,
though I doe them no wrong.
The saying old hath oft been told,
it plaine doth verifie,

“ Poore and proud, still taylor like ; ”
for they most jeeringly
Doe call me fudling Muld-Sacke,
though drinke I have got none :
Cannot they keepe their fingers true,
and let Muld-Sacke alone ?

Also the jeering tripe-wives,
which puddings sell and fowce,
Crye, “ There goes fudling Muld-Sacke,
doth wine and beere carowse ; ”
And with disdainfull speeches,
having no cause at all,
Will taunt and scoff, and jeer and laugh,
and basely me miscall ;
And call me fudling Muld-Sacke,
though I am no such one :
Cannot she scrape her greafie tripes,
and let Muld-Sacke alone ?

The clownish country carter
will likewise, with a jeere,
Point at me as I goe along,
his head being fill'd with beere ;
Yet for his jeeres I care not,
but laughing let him passe,
To follow his cart with “ gee, gee ho,”
most like a witleffe asse :

For like a home-bred Clownico,
good manners he knowes none :
Cannot he looke to his waggon,
and let Muld-Sacke alone ?

The bakers in the suburbs,
with hearts devoid of pitty,
Bread light and small they make for all,
both country and the city,
And sometimes their two penny loafe,
of weight wants ounces three,
As merrily I passe them by,
they cannot let me be.
They call me fudling Muld-Sacke
when drinke I haue got none ;
Cannot they looke to their conscience,
and let Muld-Sacke alone ?





The Lover's Complaint.

To a pleasant New Tune.

[This ballad was "Printed by the Affignes of Thomas Symcocke" in the reign of James I: there is some reason to believe that the old tunes, so well known by the names of "I wail in woe" and "Light o' love," (mentioned in 1578 in "The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions" and in 1584 in "The Handfull of pleasant Delights") might be named from it. "Light o' love" is employed as an extremely popular air in two of Shakespeare's plays, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "Much ado about Nothing." Compare also Sonnet XI. of "The Passionate Pilgrim," with the later stanzas of the ballad. The full title is only this, "The Lovers Complaint for the losse of his Love."]

WANDER up and downe
and no body cares for me :
Though I am but poore and browne,
yet constant will I be.

My dearest love, farewell,
a thousand times adew,
Seeing thou hast forsaken me,
and changed for a new.

I never gave thee cause
why thou shouldst me forsake,
Nor never brake the faithfull vow
that you and I did make :

The Lover's Complaint.

Farewell, my dearest love ;
I tooke thee at thy word.
Hard hap had I to beat the bush,
and another catch the bird.

I will goe range abroad,
Ile find some other thing :
If I had knowne you would have flowne,
I would have clipt your wing.—
Would you have clipt my wing ?
She answered me againe :
You might have done it in the wood ;
you know the time and when.

Farewell, my dearest love,
to thee I made my sute ;
Hard hap had I to graft the tree,
another reape the fruite.
I alwaies waile in woe,
I travaile still in paine :
I see my true love where she goes ;
I hope shee'l come againe.

I heard a pretty tune
concerning to a song,
A lover mourning for his love,
and said she did him wrong :
He had her in the wood,
he might have wrought his will ;

Pittie it was to doe him good
that he had no better skill.

In woods, or desert place,
had I ere my love so,
I thinke I would have plaid with her,
before I had let her goe :
Had she been light of love,
I should have soone espied ;
I trow I would a clipt her wing,
and caus'd her to abide.

Should I let scape the bird
that I had fast on fist ?
Then, let her laugh and scoffe at me,
and use me as she list.

He still doth beate the bush,
although the bird be lost,
And being slothfull in his suit,
thus fortune hath him cost.

If with my love in woods
so happy were I sped,
I should suppose my hap were hard,
to misse her maiden head.
Good friend, be rul'd by me
that made this morall song ;
If thou wander up and downe,
thy selfe hath done thee wrong.

The Lover's Complaint.

Thou alwaies wailst in woe,
thou travailest still in paine :
Looke, yonder, where my true love goes,
she will never come againe !
Therefore be rulde by me,
and let thy lover passe :
If thou looke well, thy chance may be
to find another lasse.

FINIS.





The Coach's Overthrow.

To the Tune of "Old King Harry."

[As early as 1601 Coaches in London had become such a nuisance that the legislature found it necessary to interpose "to restrain the excessive use" of them: not long afterwards, we are told that, not fewer than 6000 were constantly crowding the narrow streets. About 1630 Sedans also came into general request, and they are alluded to by R. Brome and other dramatists of the time. In 1631 the inhabitants of Blackfriars petitioned the Privy Council against the number of coaches bringing auditors to the theatre there—(Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage II. 31., III. 408); and John Taylor's "World runs on Wheels," was written to ridicule the increasing fashion. In 1636 was printed a ludicrous discussion between a Coach and a Sedan; and to about this period the following song, which contemplates the suppression of hackney coaches, seems to belong. It is called, in the undated broadside, "The Coaches Overthrow, or a joviall Exaltation of divers Tradesmen and others for the suppression of troublesome Hackney Coaches:" for "exaltation" we ought doubtless to read *exultation*, but we have never met with more than one copy, which was "Printed for Francis Grove." Other obvious misprints occur, which it is not worth while to point out, and in one place a line has been nearly cut off: we have supplied the deficiency by conjecture.]

AS I pas'd by the other day,
where facke and claret spring,
I heard a mad crew by the way,
that lowd did laugh and sing
High downe, dery, dery downe,
with the hackney coaches downe!

The Coach's Overthrow.

Tis cry'd aloud,
They make such a crowd,
Men cannot passe the towne.

The boyes that brew strong ale, and care
not how the world doth swing,
So bonny, blith, and joviall are,
their lives are drinke and sing ;
Hey downe, dery, dery downe,
with the hackney coaches downe !

To make them roome
They may freely come,
And liquor the thirsty towne.

The Collier he's a fack of mirth,
and though as black as foote,
Yet still he tunes and whistles forth,
and this is all the note :
Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
with the hackney coaches downe !

They long made fooles
Of poore Carry-coales,
But now must leave the towne.

The Carriers of every shire
are, as from cares immune,
So joviall in this packe horse quire,
and this is all their tune,
Hey downe, dery, dery downe,

with the hackney coaches downe !

Farewell, adew

To the jumping crew,

For they must leave the towne.

Although a Carman had a cold,

he straинд his March-bird voice,

And with the best a part did hold,

to sing and to rejoice.

Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,

with the hackney coaches downe !

The Carmen's cars,

And the merchants wares,

May passe along the towne.

The very flugs did pipe for joy

that coachmen hence should hye,

And that the coaches must away,

a mellowing up to lye.

Hey downe, dery, dery downe,

with the hackney coachmen downe !

Passe they their scope,

As round as a rope,

Wee'l jogge them forth of the towne.

Promoters and the informers,

that oft offences hatch,

In all our times the money-wormes,

and they are for to catch,

The Coach's Overthrow.

Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
with the hackney coaches downe !

For these restraints
Will with complaints
Fill all [the noisy towne].

The world no more shall run on wheels
with coach-men, as't has done,
But they must take them to their heeles,
and try how they can run.

Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coaches downe !

Wee thought they'd burst
Their pride, since first
Swell'd so within the towne.

The Sedan does (like Atlas) hope
to carry heaven pick-pack,
And likewise, since he has such scope,
to beare the towne at's back.

Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coachmen downe !

Arise, Sedan,
Thou shalt be the man
To beare us about the towne.

I love Sedans, cause they doe plod
and amble every where,

Which prancers are with leather shod,
and neere disturbe the eare.

Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coaches downe !

Their jumpings make
The pavement shake,

Their noyse doth mad the towne.

The elder brother shall take place,
the youngest brother rise ;

The middle brother's out of grace,
and every tradesman cryes,

Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
with the hackney coaches downe !

Twould save much hurt,
Spare dust and durt,

Were they cleane out of towne.

The sick, the weake, the lame also,
a coach for ease might beg,

When they on foot might lightly goe,
that are as right's leg.

Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coaches downe !

Lets foot it out,
Ere the yeare comes about,

Twill save us many a crowne.

The Coach's Overthrow.

What though we trip ore boots and shoes,
twill ease the price of leather :
We shall get twice what once we loose,
when they doe fall together.
Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
with the hackney coaches downe !
Though one trade fall,
Yet in generall
Tis a good to all the towne.

Tis an undoing unto none
that a professiion use :
Tis good for all, not hurt to one,
considering the abuse.
Then heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
with the hackney coaches downe !
Tis so decreed
By a royall deed,
To make it a happy towne.

Coach-makers may use many trades
and get enough of meanes ;
And coach-men may turne off their jades,
and helpe to draine the fens.
Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coaches downe !
The fythe and flayle,
Cart and plow-tayle,
Doe want them out of towne.

But to conclude, tis true, I heare,
they'l soone be out of fashion ;
Tis thought they very likely are
to have a long vacation.
Heigh downe, dery, dery downe,
With the hackney coaches downe !
Their terme's neere done,
And shall be begun
No more in London towne.





The Bad Husband turn'd Thrifty.

To the Tune of, Hey ho my Honey.

[The name at the end of the ensuing ballad has not occurred before, and we can give no account of John Wade, or of his other productions: this may have been printed for the first time "for W. Thackeray, T. Paffinger and W. Whitwood," towards the middle of the seventeenth century, but it may also have appeared considerably earlier, and it contains no peculiar note of time. The title of the broadside is, "A Caveat for Young Men, or the bad Husband turn'd Thrifty," followed by eight lines enforcing the moral of the performance. We have inserted no other ballad to the same tune.]

ALL you young ranting blades
that spend your time in vain,
Remember that old age
you cannot it refrain;

And whilst that you are young
this Caveat take of me :
Be ruled by no tempting tongue
to bring you to poverty.

*I have been a bad husband long,
and have spent store of silver and gold ;
Yet now Ile save something whilst I am young
to keep me when I am old.*

I had good store of means,
and liv'd most gallantly ;
But yet upon wenches, and on queans
I spent it by and by.

My hoastis she was full of laughter
so long as I had money good store ;
And my children must drink fair water,
whilst I in the ale-house did roar.

I have been &c.

My wife would me intreat
the ale-house to refrain ;
Then I with anger great
made answear straight again :—
If you begin to scold

then I will bang thy coat.—
What woman her tongue can hold,
when a man swallows all down his throat ?

I have been &c.

My children and I must fit
until we starve and pine,
Whilst you your guts full get
of tobacco, beer and wine.
Half that you spend in vain,
and meerly throw away,
Our family would maintain,
and our house-rent it would pay.

I have been &c.

The Bad Husband

But yet Ide not be rul'd
by these words she did say :
My self I often fool'd,
which brought me to decay.
I no sooner had sold a cow
but strait to the ale-house I ran ;
My hoastis unto me would bow,
until all my money was gone.
I have been &c.

She'd chuck me under the chin,
and perhaps would give me a kiss ;
As Venus drew Adonis in,
my hoastis would never miss :
She'd tell me it was too early,
or else it was too late,
Until by the oyl of barley
they had gotten my whole estate.
I have been &c.

Thus day and night I ranted,
and no company did refuse ;
Whilst my wife and children wanted,
I did my self abuse.
I could not scarce afford
my children clothes to wear,
Nor my wife one good word,

such was her grievous care.

I have been &c.

The more my wife did speak,
the worser I would be ;
I'de drinke till my brains did ake,
onely to anger she :
So long as I had a penny
I'de never give out for game ;
But since I have found by many,
a good fellows a costly name.

I have been &c.

At last I did perceive
my estate was almost gone ;
Then it was time to leave,
and some words I thought upon.
I went into an ale-house,
where all my coyn I had drown'd :
In company with good fellows
I had spent an hundred pound.

I have been &c.

I then these words replied :—

Hoastis, money I have none.

A flagon she me denied,
and bid me straight be gone.

The Bad Husband

What, will you not trust me a flagon ?
 those words replied I :
 No, quoth she, not a nogging,
 if you should starve and dye.
I have been &c.

I then went fighing home,
 and a vow straightway did make,
 They should fit whilst day of doom
 before one penny of me should take.
 A new life I will now begin ;
 the ale-wives shall fit like elves,
 They shall both card and spin,
 or else go hang themselves.
I have been &c.

Now, I all men advise
 this Caveat think upon ;
 Be ruled by your wives,
 for old age it will come.
 If they know you have money,
 the ale-wives with you will crack ;
 They'll fuck you, as bees fuck honey,
 then hang you behind your back.
I have been &c.

Therefore in time be ruled
 save something while you have it ;

By no ale-wives be you fooled,
and then repent too late :
For when that all is gone,
and you have but little stock,
If to the ale-wives you make moan,
they will you but jeer and mock.

*I have been a bad husband long,
and have spent store of silver and gold,
Yet now I le save something whilst I am young
to keep me when I am old.*

JOHN WADE.





The Pedlar's Lamentation.

To the Tune of "My life and my death."

[An excellent ballad for Autolycus, though, from various allusions in it, of too modern a date. The contents of a Pedlar's pack, soon after a license became necessary, are very minutely stated, and, even to the "choice songs and merry books," accord well with the articles in which "the rogue" of "The Winter's Tale" dealt. The ballad was "Printed for J. Back, at the Black-boy on London-bridge," under the following title:—"The sorrowful Lamentation of the Pedlars and Petty Chapmen, for the hardness of the times, and the decay of trade."]

 HE times are grown hard, more harder then
stone,
And therefore the Pedlars may well make
their moan,
Lament and complain that trading is dead,
That all the sweet golden fair days now are fled.
*Then, maidens and men, come see what you lack,
And buy the fine toys that I have in my pack!*

Come hither and view, here's choice and here's store,
Here's all things to please ye, what would you have
more?
Here's points for the men, and pins for the maid,

Then open your purses and be not afraid.

Come, maidens &c.

Let none at a tesser repent or repine :

Come bring me your money, and I'le make you fine ;

Young Billy shall look as spruce as the day,

And pretty sweet Betty more finer then May.

Then, maidens &c.

To buy a new license your money I crave ;

'Tis that which I want, and 'tis that which you have :

Exchange then a groat for some pretty toy,

Come, buy this fine whistle for your little boy.

Come, maidens &c.

Here's garters for hose, and cottent for shooes,

And there's a guilt bodkin, which none would refuse :

This bodkin let John give to sweet Misstris Jane,

And then of unkindness he shall not complain.

Come, maidens &c.

Come buy this fine coife, this dressing, or hood,

And let not your money come like drops of blood :

The Pedlar may well of his fortune complain,

If he brings all his ware to the market in vaine.

Then, maidens &c.

Here's band strings for men, and there you have lace,

Bone-lace to adorne the fair virgins sweet face :

The Pedlar's Lamentation.

What ever you like, if you will but pay,
As soon as you please you may take it away.

Then, maidens &c.

The world is so hard that we find little trade,
Although we have all things to please every maid:
Come, pretty fair maids, then make no delay,
But give me your hansel, and pack me away.

Come, maidens &c.

Here's all things that's fine, and all things that's rare,
All modish and neat, and all new London ware:
Variety here you plainly may see,
Then, give me your money, and we will agree.

Come, maidens &c.

We travail all day through dirt and through mire,
To fetch you fine laces and what you desire;
No pains do we spare to bring you choice ware,
As gloves and perfumes, and sweet powder for hair.

Then, maidens &c.

We have choice of songs, and merry books too,
All pleasant and witty, delightful and new,
Which every young swain may whistle at plough,
And every fair milk-maid may sing at her cow.

Then, maidens &c.

Since trading's so dead we must needs complain,
And, therefore, pray let us have some little gain:

If you will be free, we will you supply
With what you do want; therefore, pray come and buy.
The world is so hard, that although we take pains,
When we look in our purses we find little gains.

FINIS.





Poor Robin's Dream, commonly called Poor Charity.

To the Tune of "A Game at Cards."

[An ancient ballad, but clearly with some modern interpolations, especially near the end. It is a sort of Morality, or Moral-play, in the form of a song, and the allusions to the stage and to imperonations upon it, such as Time, Conscience, Plain-dealing, Diffimulation, Youth, Age, &c. are obvious. Poor Robin figured afterwards very prominently in many popular productions. To the title we have placed at the head, the following distich is added :—

“ I know no reaſon but this harmleſs riddle
May as well be printed, as ſung to a fiddle ; ”

and it was accordingly “ Printed by J. Lock for J. Clark at the Harp and Bible in West Smith-field : ” this certainly was not the earliest impression, though no older copy has yet come to light. The information regarding the tune, in a still more modern impression, is unusually minute :—“ To a compleat Tune, well known to Musitians and many others, or a game at Cards.”]

melancholy

HOW now, good fellow ! what, all amort ?
I pray thee, tell me what is the news ?—
Trading is dead, and I am sorry for't,
Which makes me look worse then I use.
If a man hath no employment, whereby to get penny,
He hath no enjoyment in that he wanteth money ;
And charity is not used by many.

I have nothing to spend, nor I've nothing to lend ;

I've nothing to do, I tarry at home.

Sitting in my chair, drawing near to the fire,

I fell into a sleep, like an idle drone ;

And as I slept I fell into a dream :

I saw a play acted without er'e a theam,

But I could not tell what the play did mean.

But afterwards I did perceive,

and something more I did understand :

The stage was the world wherein we live,

the actors they were all mankind ;

And when the play is ended the stage down they fling.

There will be no difference in this thing

Between a Beggar and a King.

The first that acted, I protest,

was Time, with a glaſſ and a ſithe in his hand,

With the globe of the world upon his breast,

to ſhew that he could the ſame command.

There's a time for to work, and a time for to play,

A time for to borrow, and a time for to pay,

And a time that doth call us all away.

Conſcience in order takes his place,

and very gallantly plays his part :

He fears not to fly in a rulers face,

although it cuts him to the heart.

He tells them all, this is the latter age,

Poor Robin's Dream.

Which put the actors in such a rage,
That they kickt poor Conscience off the stage.

Plain-dealing presently appears,
in habit like a simple man :
The actors at him made mocks and jeers,
pointing their fingers as they ran.
How came this fellow in our company ?
Away with him ! many a gallant did cry,
For Plain-dealing will a beggar dye.

Diffimulation mounted the stage ;
but he was cloathed in gallant attire :
He was acquainted with Youth and Age ;
many his company did desire.

They entertain'd him in their very breast ;
There he could have harbor, and quietly rest,
For dissemblers and turn-coats fare the best.

Then cometh in poor Charity :
methinks she looked wondrous old ;
She quiver'd and she quak'd most piteously,
it griev'd me to think she was grown so cold.
She had been in the city, and in the country,
Amongst the lawyers and nobility ;
But there was no room for poor Charity.

Then comes in Truth, well cloathed in wool,
but like unto Youth in his white lawn sleeves,
And says, the land it is full, full, full,

too full of rebels worse then theeves.
The city's full of poverty, the French are full of pride,
Fanaticks full of envy, which order can't abide ;
And the usurers bags are full beside.

Hark, how Bellona's drums they do beat !
methinks it goes rattling through the town.
Hark, how they thunder through the street,
as though they would shake the chimneys down !
Then comes in Mars, the great god of war,
And bids us face about, and be as we were ;
But when I awakt I sat in my chair.





God speed the Plough, And bles the Corn-mow.

The Tune is, “I am the Duke of Norfolk.”

[This is the earliest known impression of a ballad-dialogue, which to this day has been orally preserved in some parts of the country: in Mr. J. H. Dixon's “Ancient Poems” &c, (printed for the Percy Society) is one of these traditional versions, and another is given in Mr. Davies Gilbert's “Christmas Carols.” Our copy is, like our other ballads, in black letter, but without any printer's name, so that we have more imperfect means than usual of fixing its date. The title—“God speed the Plow, and bles the Corn-mow, a Dialogue between the Husband-man and Serving-man,”—is followed by six lines stating the particular purpose of the ballad, viz. to show the superiority of the life of the former to the latter. The tune may serve to prove the antiquity of the ballad, since it was, doubtless, derived from some lyrical production on the execution of the Duke of Norfolk in 1572.]

MY noble friends, give ear,
If mirth you love to hear;
I'le tell you, as fast as I can,
A story very true:
Then, mark what doth ensue,
Concerning a Husband-man.

A Serving-man did meet
A Husband-man in the street,
and thus unto him he began.

I pray you, tell to me
Of what calling you be,
or if you be a Serving-man?—

Quoth he, my brother dear,
The coast I mean to clear,
and the truth you shall understand.
I do no one disdain,
But this I tell you plain,
I am an honest Husband-man.

Serving-man.

If a Husband-man you be,
Then, come along with me;
I'le help you, as soon as I can,
Unto a gallant place,
Where in a little space
you shall be a Serving-man.

Husband-man.

Sir, for your diligence
I give you many thanks,
then answered the Plowman again :
I pray you, to me show
Whereby that I might know,
what pleasures hath a Serving-man.

Serving-man.

A Serving-man hath pleasure,
Which passeth time and measure,
when the hawk on his fist doth stand :

God speed the Plough.

His hood and his verrils brave,
And other things we have,
which yields joy to a Serving-man.

Husband-man.

My pleasure's more than that,
To see my oxen fat,
and to prosper well under my hand ;
And therefore I do mean,
With my horse and team,
to keep my self a Husband-man.

Serving-man.

O ! 'tis a gallant thing,
In the prime time of the Spring,
to hear the huntsman, now and than,
His beagle for to blow,
And the hounds run all a row
this is pleasure for a Serving-man,
To hear the beagle cry,
And to see the fulcon fly,
and the hare trip over the plain ;
And the huntsman, and the hound
Make hill and dale resound :
this is pleasure for a Serving-man.

Husband-man.

'Tis pleasure, you do know,
To see the corn to grow,
and to grow so well on the land :

The plowing and the sowing,
The reaping and the mowing,
yields pleasure to the Husband-man.

Serving-man.

At our table you may eat
All sorts of dainty meat,
Pig, cony, goose, capon and swan ;
And with lords, and ladies fine,
You may drink beer, ale, and wine :
this is pleasure for a Serving-man.

Husband-man.

While you eat goose and capon,
I'le feed on beefe and bacon,
and a piece of hard cheese now and than :
We pudding have, and souse,
Always ready in the house ;
which contents the honest Husband-man.

Serving-man.

At the Court you may have
Your garments fine and brave,
and cloak with gold lace layd upon ;
A shirt as white as milk,
And wrought with finest silk :
that's pleasure for a Serving-man.

Husband-man.

Such proud and costly gear
Is not for us to wear

God speed the Plough.

amongst the bryers, and brambles, many one:
 A good strong russet coat,
 And at your need a groat,
 will suffice for the Husband-man.

A proverb here I tell,
 Which likes my humour well,
 and remember it well I can :
 If a Courtier be too bold,
 He'll want when he is old :
 then, farewell to the Serving-man.

Serving-man.

It needs must be confess,
 That your calling is the best :
 no longer discourse with you I can ;
 But henceforth I will pray,
 By night and by day,
 Heavens bless the honest Husband-man !





The Merry Man's Resolution.

To a gallant new Tune, called "The Highlander's new Rant."

[The initials L. P., at the end of this production, shew that it was by Lawrence Price, of whom we have before spoken: it contains a singular enumeration of the questionable localities of London, not very long before the Restoration. It was "Printed for Francis Grove, on Snow Hill," and the full title is this:—"The Merry Man's Resolution, or his last farewell to his former acquaintance,

"Declaring how he rambled up and down
Through all the Suburbs of fair London Town,
Where pretty wenches he did plenty find,
But some of them agreed not with his mind;
Till, at the last, by chance he found out one
Which pleased him best, so left the rest alone:
To her he then clinged close, as I heard tell,
Made her his mate, and bid the rest farewell."]

NOW, farewell to Saint Gileses
that standeth in the fields,
And farewell to Turnbul street,
for that no comfort yields:
Farewel unto the Grey-hound,
and farewell to the Bell,
And farewell to my land-lady,
whom I do love so well.

The Merry Man's Resolusion.

With a come Love,
Stay Love,
go not from me ;
For all the world Ile forfake for thee.

Farewel to Long-Acre
that stands near the Mews,
And farewel to Drury Lane
where pretty wenches use ;
And farewel unto Sodom,
and all her painted drabs,
And farewel unto Bloomsbury,
and all their vapouring scabs :
And come Love,
Stay Love,
go not from me ;
For all the world Ile forfake for thee.

Farewel to Croffe-lane,
where lives some babes of graces ;
Farewel to Common-garden,
and all her wanton places :
Farewel unto Westminster,
and farewel to the Strand,
Where I had choice of Mopfies
ever at my own command.
Sing, come Love,
Stay Love,

go along with me ;
For all the world Ile forsake for thee.

Farewel to the Bank-side,
farewel to Blackmans-street,
Where with my bouncing lasses
I oftentimes did meet :
Farewel to Kent-street garrison,
farewel to Horly-down,
And all the smirking wenches
that dwell in Redriff town.
And come Love,
Stay Love,
go along with me ;
For all the world Ile forsake for thee.

Now farewell unto Wapping,
and farewell to Black-wall :
Farewel to Ratcliffe High-way,
Rosemary-lane and all :
And farewell unto Shore-ditch,
and More-fields eke also,
Where mobs to pick up callies
a night walking do go.
Then, come Love,
Stay Love,
go along with me ;
For all the world Ile forsake for thee.

The Merry Man's Resolution.

In White-crosse-street, and Golden-lane,
do straping lasses dwell,
And so there do in every street
twixt that and Clarken-well :
At Cow-crosse and Smith-field
I have much pleasure found,
Where wenches, like to Fayeries,
did often trace the round.

Yet, come Love,
Stay Love,
go not from me ;
For all those girls Ile forsake for thee.

Yet something more Ile speak off,
which seems to many strange ;
There's store of pretty wenches
live neere to the Exchange :
And many more there are, sure,
that dwelleth in Cheap-side,
And other streets in London,
which are both broad and wide.

Yet, come Love,
Stay Love,
go not from me ;
For all those girles Ile forsake for thee.

To all the country Mopfies,
wherever they do dwell,

In this my last conclusion
I likewise bid farewell :
Though they were used, in former time,
to come when I did call,
I take thee for the boldest,
and best among them all.
Then, come Love,
Stay Love,
go not from me ;
For all the world Ile forsake for thee.

At Bristol and at Gloucester
I had of loves great store,
But now I find enough of thee ;
I will desire no more :
And what I have said to thee
thou shalt find true and right ;
Ile doe thee trusty service
at morning and at night.
Then, come Love,
Stay Love,
go not from me ;
For all the world Ile forsake for thee.

Farewel unto black patches,
and farewell powdered locks,
And farewell Luthner's ladies,
for they are full of mocks.

The Merry Man's Resolution.

Farewel the Cherry-garden,
for evermore adue ;
And farewel to Spur-Alley,
and all that wanton crew.

And, come Love,
Stay Love,
go not from me ;
For all those girles Ile forsake for thee.

L. P.

FINIS.





Well matched at laſt.

To the Tune of “I know what I know.”

[This comic ballad was certainly posterior to another in our collection, (p. 97.) because the name of the tune to which it was sung was derived from “Few Words are best,” the burden of which is “I know what I know.” What follows was “Printed at London, for J. Wright, junior, dwelling at the upper end of the Old Bailey,” as usual, without date; and it was called, “A pleasant new Ditty, intituled

Though rich golden Booties your luck was to catch,
Your laſt was the best, caufe you met with your match.”

Several modern songs have been written in imitation of it, but we have never seen it reprinted, unless the old copy, which we have employed, were itself a reprint.]



RICH wealthy batchelour, thirty and odde,
Had now a new crotchet crept into his
pate :

A wife he must have, what-soever betide,
And well linde with rubbish to inrich his state,

Faire maidens were offer’d him, two, three and four,
Sufficient men’s daughters, with money to boote,
Yet his greedy mind did still gape after more,
For he said, ’twas too little for him to go to’t.

Well Matched at laſt.

His meanes did afford him three hundred a yeere,
And three bonny lasses had thousands apeece ;
Yet for it, and them, hee a pin did not care,
Though one of them was to a gentleman neece.

Shall I for a palterie poore thousand pound
A young wench goe marry with nothing but breed,
Conſume me in longings, in fashions and toyes ?
No ; yet it is time, and I now will take heed.

There is a brisk widdow, that dwelleth hard by,
In money hath ten thousand pounds at the leaſt :
Ile ſpruce my ſelfe up, then, incontinently,
And to her Ile goe as a ſhutering guest.

This batchelour foone did attaine his deſire ;
The day was appointed when they ſhould be wed.
His youthfull faire bride was but threescore and ten,
For ſhee had but a tooth and a halfe in her head.

Some three or foure yeares did this bonny laſſe live,
Then grim goodman Death tooke her life cleane away ;
And griefe for her loſſe had the man almoſt ſped,
But that a new widdow his journey did ſtay.

His wife being buried, next morning he went
Another ſpruce widdow agen for to ſee,
Where mounted on crutches he ſtraight one eſpide :
Who in ſtate of riches was better than ſhee ?

His mother's ſmoke ſure did this widdower weare,
For no ſooner woo'd, but he preſenly ſped :

A licence he fetcht, and he marri'd her straight ;
Then she threw downe her stilts, and she hobbl'd to bed.

Not full ten yeeres older then was his last wife
Was this same dryd mummey that lay by his fide :
With snorting and grunting she air'd so the bed,
That never had groome such a night with a bride.

But still did her money perfume all againe,
And in a moneth after she bed-rid did lye :
Seven winters and summers she lay at small ease,
And then she departed, because she must dye.

Five hundred a yeere she augmented his state ;
Ten thousand pound cleare by the other he got :
Meane time of another spruce widdow he heard,
Then he praid unto Jove that she might be his lot.

This widdow seem'd not above fifty at most,
So spruce and so neat was her carkas bedrest ;
She wanted no meanes for to set her to sale,
They lik't, and were marri'd : now, marke well the rest.

She seem'd so compleate and so comely of shape,
That he doted on her more than on both the rest.
She said then, sweet husband, be not you dismaid,
For the truth must be knowne when you see me undrest.

Two rowes of white teeth she tooke out of her mouth,
And put 'em straight into a little round boxe ;
A glasse eye likewise she pull'd out of her head,
Which made the man feare that his wife had gotknocks.

Well Matched at last.

Her pouldred curld locks, that so faire did appeare,
Came off with more ease than a new scalded pigge.
I wonder her husband could laughing forbeare,
When he saw his wife looke like an ostridge's egge.

Then, straightway downstooped this comely sweet bride,
Unlac't, and ungirded her neat wooden legge :
The bridegroome was like to runne out of his wits,
For his eyes ne'er before did behold such a hagge.

Then, for to revive him, unto him she flung
Her keyes, that did lead him to treasure great store :
This made him to love her, so both went to bed,
Where he did imbrace her: what would you have more?

Such luck had this husband to tumble them o're,
That ere one moneth ended she changed her life.
A rich wealthy miser invited him home,
And said, if you please, sir, Ile shew you a wife.

He shew'd him his daughter, a girle of fifteene,
But she would no liking nor favour him shew :
Her friends made the match, and they marri'd with speed;
But she ne'r endur'd him, I tell you but so.

This young marri'd wife to such cunning was grown,
That she fell a longing his coine for to waste :
French kickshaws of ten pound a dish she would have,
With other dear meats for to fit her fine taste.

No phyfick, no doctors, no cost did she spare ;
On pride and new fangles she set her delight :

Her husband began for to ſavour of feare,
And to wiſh that ſhe ne'r had beene ſeene in his fight.

No love, nor no liking, this young wife e're had,
Because ſhe was forc't to be wed to her hate.

He ſickned and dyde, and was laid in his grave ;
So ſhe did enjoy his three widdowes eſtate.

A young man, that firſt was this maiden's true love,
With all expedition they made their diſpatch :
For wedding and bedding they both were agreed,
And the threewidows husband did meet with his match.

FINIS.





Death's uncontrollable Summons.

To the Tune of "My bleeding Heart."

[This ballad is, most likely, one of the oldest in our collection, and the burden of it is the same as that to a "Roundelay" in "England's Helicon," 1600, 4to. Sign. D. 2. When it was first printed we have no means of ascertaining, and the tune to which it was sung was not a common one. The subject is very old, and has been treated in a variety of ways, to one or more of which a similar title was given. The representation of Death as an old man, and not, according to the vulgar notion, an unsightly skeleton, deserves remark. Our original was published after the Restoration "for P. Brookby, at the Golden Ball in Pye Corner," under the following title:—"Death's uncontrollable Summons, or the Mortality of Mankind. Being a Dialogue between Death and a Young-man."]

N slumber and sleep my senses fall,
 hey ho, hey ho ! then slept I :
 The bright sun rais'd a mist withal,
 eclipsed in the darksome sky.

An ancient Father stood by me,
 hey ho, hey ho ! hollow eyes ;
A foul deformed wight was he :
 I thought my youth did him despise.

His cloak was green, his head was gray,
 hey ho, hey ho ! silver hair ;
His face was pale as any clay,
 his countenance made me much to fear.

Amazed at the sudden sight ;

 hey ho, hey ho ! youthful boy :

I stood as one amazed quite ;

 hey ho, hey ho ! dismal day.

Father, quoth I, tell me your name,

 hey ho, hey ho ! tell me true ;

I pray you tell to me the same :

 my joynts do tremble at thy view.—

Youth, youth, quoth he, I tell to thee,

 hey ho, hey ho ! thy thred is spun :

My name is Death, I come for thee,

 hey ho, hey ho ! thy glaſſ is run.—

For me, sweet Death ? I hope not so ;

 hey ho, hey ho ! I am young :

Let me be old before I go ;

 alas ! my time hath not been long.

I have this worldly wealth at will,

 hey ho, hey ho ! ask and have ;

Let me enjoy those pleasures still ;

 oh ! my soul abhors the grave.—

I scorn thy treasure and thy pelf ;

 hey ho, hey ho ! haste away :

Thy goods shall perish with thy self ;

 'tis not thy wealth my stroak shall stay.—

Oh Death ! what will my true love say ?

 hey ho, hey ho ! shee'l complain

Death's uncontrollable Summons.

On thee for taking me away :
sweet Death, with her let me remain.—

I tell thee yet thou strivest in vain ;
hey ho, hey ho ! go, 'tis time.
Thy vital thread is cut in twain :
oh ! hark and hear the dulsome chyme.—

Then, woe is me ! I must be gone,
hey ho, hey ho ! heavy heart :

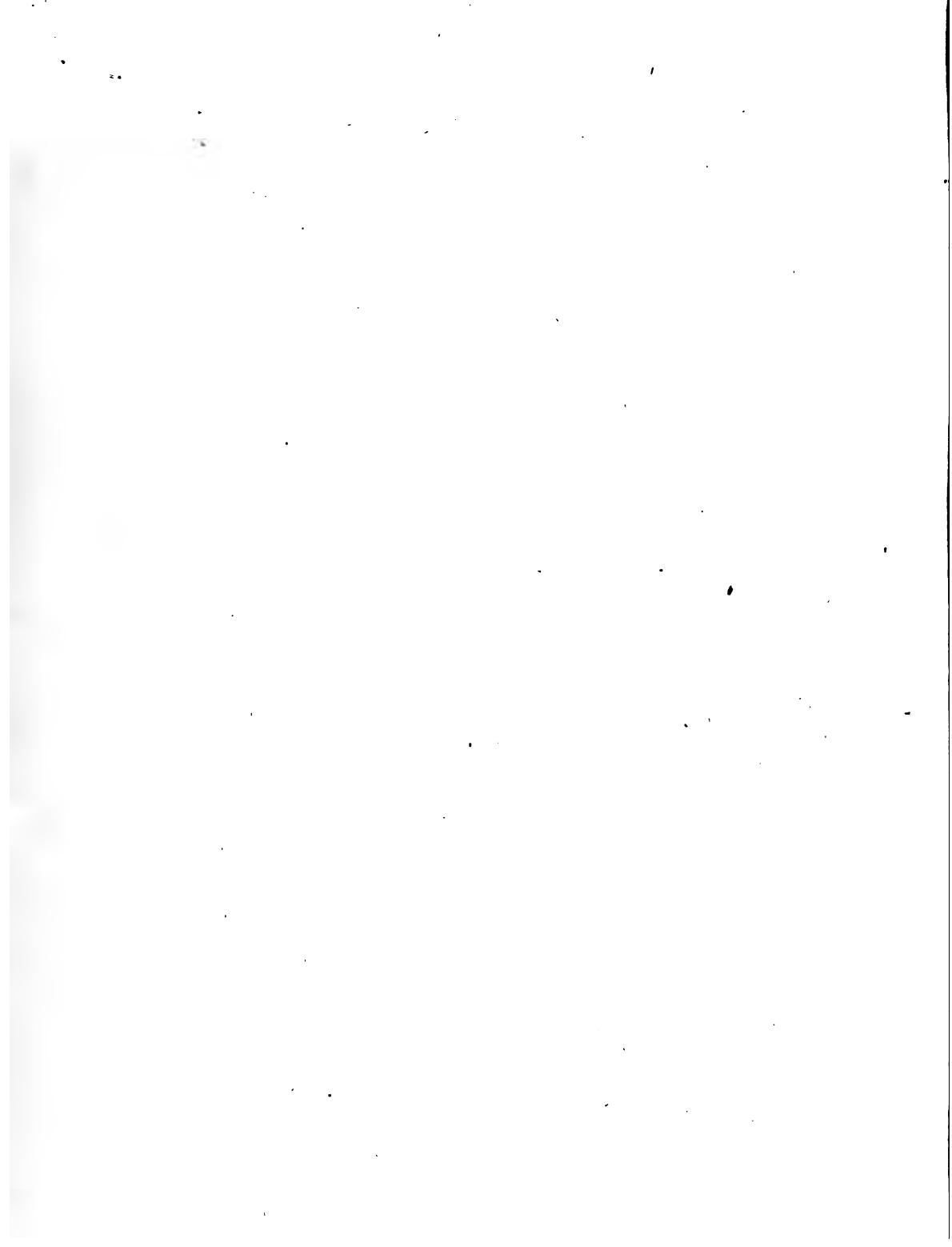
My world's delight and all is done ;
Was never man so loath to part.

Mark well my fall, you youthful buds,
Hey ho, hey ho ! view my fall :

My pleasures, plenty, life and goods ;
hey ho, hey ho ! Death ends all.



NOTES.





Notes.

Page 3, line 21.

“I bring to you Saint Giles his bowle.”

 HIS line refers to the old custom of presenting criminals, on their way to Tyburn, with a cup of water, at or near the Church of St. Giles in the Fields. It is alluded to by several writers, and among them by Thomas Churchyard, in his “Mirror of Man,” 1594, 4to.

“Trusting in friendship makes some be trust up,
Or ride in a cart to his Saint Giles his cup.”

Page 12, line 1.

“Christmas Lamentation.”

In the Pepysian Collection is an answer to this ballad, under the title of “Old Christmas return’d, or Hospitality revived,” &c. It was “Printed for P. Brooksby.”

Page 14, line 24.

“Madam, forsooth, in her coach must wheele.”

Stephen Gosson, in his “Quipes for upstart new-fangled Gentlewomen,” 1596, 4to, thus alludes to the then ordinary use of coaches:

“To carrie all this pelfe and trash,
because their bodies are unfit,
Our wantons now in coaches dash
from house to house, from street to street.
Were they of state, or were they lame,
To ride in coach they need not shame.”

See also p. 52 and 291 of this volume.

Page 26, line 1.

“Ragged and Torne and True.”

This ballad was so popular, that afterwards others were composed “to the tune of Ragged and Torne and True:” one, called “Knavery in all Trades,” was written by Martin Parker, and printed for F. Grove.

Page 27, line 1.

“Ile be no knight of the post.”

Knights of the post were those who for money consented to take false oaths: they are mentioned by most of the comic writers of the time, but, as far as we recollect, it nowhere appears why they were called knights of the *post*: perhaps it was because they stood at a post, ready to swear anything when called upon.

Page 29, line 20.

“And says, “Gramercy horse.”

For the supposed origin of the expression “Gramercy horse,” and “God a mercy horse,” see “Tarlton’s Jests,” printed by the Shakespeare Society, p. 23. The saying is however older than the time of Tarlton, though it is there imputed to him.

Page 35, line 21.

“Nor that mad spirit Robin,
that plagues both wife and maid.”

The reason why we state, in the introduction to this ballad, “that ‘The Mad Pranks’ of Robin Goodfellow had been printed before 1588” is, that they are clearly alluded to in Tarlton’s, “News out of Purgatory,” which, though without date, must have been published just after his death in Sept. 1588.

Page 49, line 26.

“While Mock-beggar Hall stands empty.”

On the word “Mockbeggar” Mr. Halliwell inserts the following, in his “Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words.” “Forby has, Mockbeggar-hall, a house looking well outside, but having a poor interior. There is a house so called at Claydon.”

Page 51, line 1.

“ Their prodigal sons have sold for gilt.”

i. e. for *gelt* A. S. money. Our old writers punned upon the word, as in Middleton’s “ Family of Love,” where Dryfat says “ Ay, marry, there spoke an angel : gilt’s current, indeed.” *Dyce’s Middleton’s Works*, ii. 197.

Page 80, line 8.

A misprint is here imputed by mistake : “ made *him* tremble” is correct, the ballad-writer having resumed the third person and the narrative form.

Page 91, line 20.

“ The *lifesome* monthes of May and June.”

For “ *lifesome* ” read *life/some*.

Page 104, line 11.

It ought to have been here added, that the broadside has no printer’s name nor date : perhaps they have been accidentally cut off. We might suppose from the title, that Day’s play, “ The Fair Maid of Britstow,” 1605, was founded on this ballad ; but such is not the fact, although it is probable that the striking incidents of it were dramatized at the time.

Page 135, line 11.

“ In the possession of Lord Francis Egerton.”

Since this was printed Lord Francis Egerton has been raised to the peerage by the title of Earl of Ellesmere.

Page 135, line 12.

It is usually said that John Heywood was born at North Mims, but the only authority for this statement is Peacham’s “ Complete Gentleman,” and all he asserts is, that Heywood had property there. On the other hand, Bale informs us that he was *civis Londinenfis*, but not that he was born there ; and the fact, as we have mentioned, seems to be that he was born in Kent, probably at Canterbury.

Page 135, line 21.

“ Nor need I sing this song until.”

The meaning of this line is “ Nor need I sing this song *unto* them : ” the Scotch still use “ until ” for *unto*.

Notes.

Page 138, line 3.

“ The happy man’s without a shirt.”

Alluding to the old Italian novel of the search after a perfectly happy man: the only happy man found in the world had no shirt to his back. It has been versified by Casti, Nov. II.

Page 148, line 13.

“ Nothing in all the world be finde.”

For “ be ” read *we*.

Page 157, line 18.

“ And here hangs pictures two or three.”

The “ pictures ” here alluded to were *statues* of kings and queens. At that time (as various instances might establish) the words “ picture ” and “ statue ” were used indifferently: many statues were then both statues and pictures, being painted to imitate life.

Page 163, line 1.

“ Constance of Cleveland.”

There is a copy of this ballad in the Pepysian Collection, “ Printed at London for J. Wright.”

Page 173, line 5.

“ The Monmouth Cap, the faylors thrum.”

Monmouth caps are mentioned by Shakespeare and by many other writers of his time. In a note in Collier’s Shakespeare, iv. 552, it is said that “ they were worn both by soldiers and sailors,” and our ballad affords proof of it: in this line it is called “ the faylors thrum,” and in the next stanza ‘but one we have “ The souldiers that the Monmouth wear.”

Page 173, line 18.

“ The perriwig, the Cap of late.”

Barnaby Rich, in 1581, speaks of “ perriwigs ” having then come into fashion: see his “ Farewell to Military Profession,” (reprinted for the Shakespeare Society) in what he calls the “ Conclusion.” The same point may be established from Philip Stubbes’ “ Anatomy of Abuses,” 1583, and many other authorities.

Page 178, line 24.

“ The Butterboxes potion.”

Butterbox was a common nick-name for a Dutchman, in reference to one chief product of his country.

Page 180, line 25.

“ And gorrill’d guts will quarrel.”

See Collier’s Shakespeare, iv. 255, n. 8.

Page 185, line 7.

“ Our knockers make no noise.”

We ought perhaps to read *knackers* for “ knockers.” See a song in Middleton’s “ Spanish Gipsey,” (edit. Dyce, iv. 146.) in the measure of this ballad, and doublets to the same tune.

Page 207, line 28.

“ In London all the yeare.”

A highly curious enumeration in verse of the principal Cries of London is given in T. Heywood’s “ Rape of Lucrece,” 1608, where, as was usual with our old dramatists, the manners of the metropolis of England are imputed to Rome. Several of the Cries are identical with those in our ballad.

Page 208, line 9.

“ Anye welflet oysters.”

“ Welflet oysters” may be a misprint for Wainfleet oysters.

Page 208, line 13.

“ For why, the are but Kentish.”

The letter y has dropped out in this line, which ought to run, “ For why, *they* are but Kentish.”

Page 213, line 2.

“ With nimming of a fee.”

It is scarcely necessary to say that to *nim* is to snatch or take nimbly; from the A. S. *niman*: in modern German it is *nebmen*.

Page 227, line 16.

For "second stanza" read *third* stanza.

Page 259, line 4.

"Old Flatcap is laid in his grave."

Flatcap was of old not an unusual derisive designation for a citizen, as in the well-known passage from Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," Act ii. Sc. 1.

— "mock me all over,
From my flatcap unto my shining shoes."

On page 211 we have already had a most apposite illustration of the last part of the quotation.

Page 264, line 3.

This tune should seem, from the corresponding measure of the two ballads, to be the same as "To drive the cold winter away."

Page 269, line 17.

"Where I sung Lachrima."

Lachrymæ, here called Lachryma for the sake of the rhyme, was a very celebrated old tune, mentioned by Massinger and many other authors: from its character it is generally termed "the doleful tune of Lachrymæ."

Page 272, line 4.

"And bidden beware of the cut-purse so bold."

Purses were formerly worn suspended at the girdle, and could easily be cut away: hence, perhaps, the origin of the term "cut-purse," the modern equivalent of which is "pick-pocket."

Page 279, line 14.

"For still in debt and danger."

A debtor was formerly said to be "within the danger" of his creditor, ("Merchant of Venice," Act iv. Sc. 1.) and hence the proverb "Out of debt out of danger."

Page 280, line 4.

“ Then, passe thou not a pin.”

The phrase “ *passe thou not a pin*,” is equivalent to “ *care thou not a pin*.” Shakespeare, 2 Henry VI. Act iv. Sc. 2, has “ *passe not* ” for *care not*; and in the same place in the older play of the “ Contention,” the precise words “ *passe not a pin* ” occur. Collier’s Shakespeare, v. 189.

Page 284, line 12.

“ To cry, ‘ What doe you lacke.’ ”

Shopkeepers and their ‘prentices in former times stood at their doors inquiring of passengers “ What do you lack? ” They are often ridiculed by these terms.

Page 289, line 18.

“ Thus fortune hath him cost.”

For “ *cost* ” read *croft*.

Page 292, line 20.

“ Of poore Carry-coales.”

Referring to the proverbial expression, made familiar to all ears by the first scene of “ Romeo and Juliet.”

Page 295, line 20.

“ That are as right’s leg.”

This line no doubt ought to run, “ that are as right as his leg.”

Page 309, line 12.

“ And when the play is ended, the stage down they fling.”

Alluding to the temporary stages, in early times erected in inn-yards, at fairs, &c. which were removed, or flung down, as soon as the performance was at an end.

Page 314, line 1.

“ His hood and his verrils brave.”

Possibly here we ought to read *terrils* or *terrials*, as in T. Heywood’s “ Woman killed with Kindnes : ”

“ The *terrils* of her legs were stain’d with blood.”

Notes.

Page 314, line 16.

“ And the hounds run all a row.”

A colon should have been placed at the end of this line.

Page 315, line 15.

“ We puddings have and soufe.”

“ Soufe” sometimes seems to be used for any kind of pickled meat, but strictly it means the pickled ears of swine. See Dyce’s Beaumont and Fletcher, vii. 125, and viii. 216.

Page 315, line 23.

“ And wrought with finest filk.”

Philip Stubbes, in the 2nd. edit. of his “ Anatomy of Abuses,” 8vo. 1583, states that in his time these shirts sometimes cost 5*l.* or even 10*l.* each. fo. 23. b. This passage, like many other curious additions, is not in the first impression printed in the same year.

Page 319, line 23.

“ Where mobs to pick up callies.”

For “ callies” we ought doubtless to read *cullies*.

Page 324, line 12.

“ And to her Ile go as a shuterling guest.”

The words “ sute” and “ suitor” seem of old to have often been pronounced *shute* and *shuter*; and Shakespeare in “ Love’s Labours Lost,” A&T iv. Sc. 1. founders a pun upon the circumstance. Drayton, in his “ Idea, the Shepheard’s Garland,” 1593, has

“ Though Envy *sute* her seven-times poyfined darteres;” and Stubbes calls Shooter’s Hill *Suters* Hill.

THE END.

C. WHITTINGHAM, CHISWICK.









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